The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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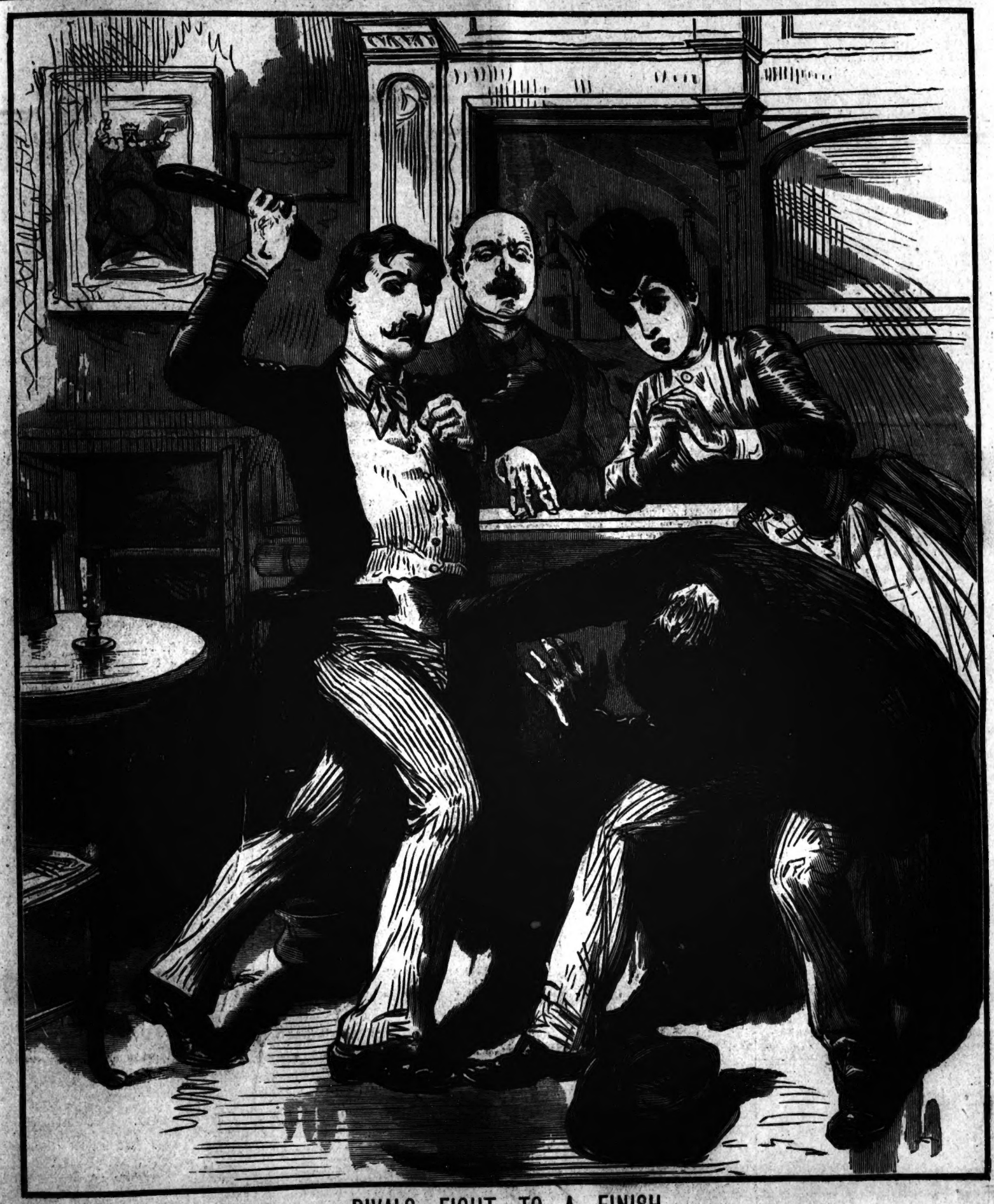

RIVALS FIGHT TO A FINISH.

A Midnight Scene in a German Saloon in London.

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THE MIRROR OF LIFE CO.,
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FOR THE WEEK ENDING
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Portraits of people prominent in the sporting and theatrical world are acceptable, and all portraits sent must be accompanied by a complete record to ensure publication. All sketches and news of an interesting character throughout Great Britain will be liberally paid for, if used. All communications must be accompanied by the sender's name and address to ensure absolute confidence, and addressed to Ned Holske, Editor, THE MIRROR OF LIFE, 108, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

13 WEEKS 13

Send 2s. 8d. to the MIRROR OF LIFE, 108, Fleet Street, E.C., and the paper will be sent you, post free, for thirteen weeks.

If you experience any difficulty in obtaining THE MIRROR OF LIFE regularly off your newsagent, please send us the name and address of the agent whom you trade with, and we shall see that he receives his supply weekly.

OUR MOTTO,

"BE JUST AND FEARLESS."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. (Chertsey).—We shall do as you suggest.

J. E. (Manchester).—It would cost you eight shillings.

E. S. (Birmingham).—Thanks. See elsewhere in this issue.

J. G. (St. Luke's).—It will appear in our next issue.

CONSTANT READER (Cambridge).—Harry Spurden's portrait was crowded out this week, but will appear in our next issue.

G. A. (Lee).—You can secure a supply of W. J. Elliott, 50, High Road, Lewisham, weekly.

E. W. C. (Leicester).—Yes, it is Bert Adams. Regret your copy reached us too late. Please post any items you have of interest Saturday evenings.

J. P. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—Your request has been complied with. Send portrait as promised.

INQUIRER.—Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, can be addressed care of THE MIRROR OF LIFE, 108, Fleet Street, E.C.

J. M. (Liverpool).—Send portrait of winner, and it will be appreciated.

S. L. (Cardiff).—"The Life and Battles of James J. Corbett" will be mailed to you on receipt of one shilling to THE MIRROR OF LIFE, 108, Fleet Street, London.

W. B. (Plymouth).—Order it of your newsagent. If you experience any difficulty in obtaining THE MIRROR OF LIFE every Wednesday, please let us know.

W. (Glasgow).—It shall not occur again.

MCWADE (Liverpool).—Charles Mitchell never held the championship of any country. He claimed to be the Boxing Champion of England, but always ignored business-like challenges when directed to him.

J. H. (Manchester).—It will appear in our next issue.

H. (Notting Hill).—See portrait pages of this issue.

SUBSCRIBER (Dublin).—The MIRROR OF LIFE bears no ill-feeling towards James J. Corbett. It expresses facts plainly in an impartial manner.

CONSTANT READER.—We should be pleased to have the portrait you speak of.

E. N. (Nantymoel).—James J. Corbett is champion of America, and Peter Jackson is champion of England and Australia. No one holds the title you speak of. A meeting between Jackson and Corbett would decide the championship of the world. Corbett claims the title, but then he generally claims more than he should in anything.

THE past week will be set down in history as a truly eventful one because two important fights have been arranged. The most interesting one will be the international contest between Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, America's representative middle-weight, and John O'Brien, the Welsh champion, for premier honours in the middle-weight division. The black fellow is by far the smallest of the pair in stature, but is a tough bit of material, and an extremely useful customer in the ring. Both are game and determined fellows, and on October 8, at the National Sporting Club, the members will have the pleasure of witnessing a contest that will be won only by hard fighting and a stubborn mill. Twenty rounds is the limit set for the men to fight, and it is hardly probable that the men will go through the stipulated number of rounds, because both are aggressive in their tactics, and hard hitters too. The odds will probably favour the Welshman, because he will have the advantage of weight and a large following.

* * *

OF the Burge-Pritchard contest little comment can be made, because of the disparity in size, and the fact that it will be decided in public goes to show that a rugged mill is not anticipated by the men or their admirers. If Pritchard recovers his old form he will unquestionably make it extremely disagreeable for his 10st opponent.

* * *

THE theory that it never rains but it pours has been completely exploded recently when the shaving competition for THE MIRROR OF LIFE trophy is taken in consideration. The entries have not rolled in all at one time, but they keep coming every now and again, so that five experts have signed the articles which are to govern the contest. Another aspirant in Jack Gorman has cropped up, and he is not satisfied with a struggle at shaving, but in the end, win or lose, he would like to fight it out with any 9st barber to a finish with gloves for any part of £50.

* * *

THE most interesting of all out-door sports is fast walking, but it has sunk into oblivion during the past decade. On Oct. 6 a fair number of our best professionals will undertake to revive the interest by contending in a race of fifty miles. With Griffin and Hibberd in good form, some good records should be made for that distance.

* * *

WE have moved up another peg in our circulation, and the increased orders now in hand will develop another rise for this issue. THE MIRROR OF LIFE supplies a long felt want.

* * *

FRANK P. SLAVIN came near being matched with an unknown, but after articles had been drafted and signed by the unknown's backers, the Slavin party flunked out of the affair. Probably the talk was made merely for advertising purposes, because it hardly had the flavour of a real match from the outset.

VISITORS TO "THE MIRROR OF LIFE."

FRANK CRAIG, the Coffee Cooler, America's representative middle-weight; Dennis Butler, ex-champion swimmer of America, manager of Craig; F. Ridgway Griffiths, a New York Turfman; Johnny O'Brien, Welsh champion; Thomas Welch, Cardiff sportsman; Jem Verrall, a clever 9st pugilist; Joe Harris, the Australian bookmaker; young Ted Napper; Steve Smith; Arthur Callan, 9st 6lb pugilist, matched to fight Jack Gover; Joe Rowe, of Wood Green.

KICKS FROM THE EDITOR.

TOO BUSY TO KICK.—We want to make a big kick, but we are too busy. We were foolish enough to sleep in our chair for an hour on Wednesday, and that put us behind. We sat up all night so as to get up early enough Thursday morning to meet the Coffee Cooler on his arrival at Tilbury. The boat was due at 8 a.m., and we reached there an hour ahead of time. If we had been late the boat would probably have been on time, but as we were on hand at seven a.m., the boat was only four hours late. We stood on the landing stage, in our summer clothes, in all the rain, till we got drenched through and cold enough to stiffen up. They say it's an ill wind that don't do a good turn, and our good turn came in the form of some gin and bitters that would kill at forty rods. We were fortunate enough to come in for three "revivers," and had we not been copper-lined our stomach would have been burnt out. However, it put us in condition for a few pints of fourpenny, so that alleviated our sufferings. In the evening we actually wasted eighteenpence on three privileges to a music hall show, which was good. We missed the first three turns because we were busy cutting the smoke away with a knife. One cove that sat in front had a clay pipe black as a hat, and the odour that came from that pipe was the richest we ever experienced. The smoke was so heavy that when we cut through with our knife it fell to the floor with a sickening thud. We made up the lost ground by writing steadily night and day up to the time of going to press, and Wednesday our form will not grace the sanctum, because we shall indulge in a sleep of twenty-four hours without a break.

* * *

A CLEVER LAD IS HE.—We can boast of our son as being an extremely clever lad. That's nothing strange when it is to be taken into consideration we are such a proficient quantity. He set out the other day to seek employment, and before sundown he had accomplished his object. His duties compel him to sit in an office ten hours per day for five bob a week, and between reading "penny horribles" and puffing at cigarettes he manages to kill his time. We have been on the look-out to catch him in the act of smoking, in order to treat him to a good thrashing, but up to date it has been a hopeless task. We thought we had him yesterday, getting into a smoking carriage at the station, but he fooled us to perfection. We perceived him squirming about and displaying considerable uneasiness, and enjoyed the fun. Slipping our hand in his trousers pocket, we seized upon a cigarette half burnt away, and further down there was a hole in the pocket the size of a farthing, evidently burnt through with the cigarette. We took him to task in regard to it, but he protested innocence, and went so far as to intimate that he had been the victim of a practical joke. We are on the look out, and if we ever catch him smoking there will be a funeral at our residence. We remark with pleasure that the lad carries a scar on his leg that will not heal up for a few days to come.

GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH.

In purchasing THE MIRROR OF LIFE you are given a Weekly Journal of which eight pages are made up solely of expensive woodcuts, the illustrations being drawn by the very best artists obtainable. It gives you incidents in an accurate and striking manner.

Our reading columns comprise spicy news such as is interesting to all classes. THE MIRROR OF LIFE will not at any time touch on the borders of immorality, because sensational news can be written in a bright way without a tendency to corrupt humankind.

We claim in pugilism to be ahead of any weekly published in any part of the world.

Our motto is at all times to be just and fearless.

SHE: "Excuse me, sir, you have the advantage of me."

HE: "Perhaps I have now; but wait a week."

PHUNNYGRAPHS.

FIRST HORSE: "I see a woman is holding the reins over you. Is she driving you to drink?"

Second horse (despairingly): "I haven't the remotest idea."

* * *

ADMIRER: "Where did you get all this wonderful strength?"

Famous Strong Man: "I was a carver in a boarding house for three years."

* * *

"Now I know why the milk we get here is so weak," said the agricultural editor to the farmer with whom he was boarding; "I just this minute saw you give those cows water to drink."

* * *

"How did Officer Dulan get the silver medal he wears?"

"It was for bravery."

"What did he do?"

"Walked by three fruit stands without taking anything."

* * *

LAURA: "Mamma, when I asked Mr. Goodcatch to button my glove last night his hand trembled so that it took him a minute or two. I wonder if he is in love?"

Mrs. Figg: "I don't know. Perhaps he might have been out late the night before."

* * *

BINAWAY: "And young Blower, the fellow who was always boasting that he would yet do something to arouse the country; whatever became of him?"

Stadehome: "Manufacturing alarm clocks the last we heard."

* * *

"WHAT do you think! Fred proposed to me just now!"

"Yes. He got into that habit when he used to call on me!"

* * *

HE: "I expect to make you the heroine of my next novel."

She: "On the strength of the fact that I read your last one?"

* * *

HAYRICK: "Did they give your son a good mark at college?"

Treetop: "Pretty fair; 42 inches chest measure."

* * *

"ER—about this coming prize fight," said the reporter.

"Well?" asked the pugilist.

"Is it to be fought with bare mouths or telephones?"

* * *

CLERK (of summer hotel, pleasantly): "Do you know anyone in the house, sir?"

Castleton: "My fiancée is here."

Clerk: "Indeed. Which young lady might that be?"

Castleton: "I don't know. I haven't met her yet."

* * *

WIFE: "Dear me, you can never find a thing without asking me where it is! How did you get along before you were married?"

Husband: "Things staid where they were put then."

* * *

ENGLISH NOBLEMAN (after two hours acquaintance): "I weally assuah you, Miss Billions, that I 'ave learned to love you! 'Pon my soul I——"

American Heiress (interrupting and pointing to her father in the next room): "Pardon me, but that is my business manager."

* * *

ST. PETER: "You were a salesman in a dry goods store on earth, weren't you?"

Spirit (timidly): "Yes, sir."

St. Peter: "Then sit down at once. You needn't be afraid. Your employer won't disturb you here."

* * *

MISTRESS: "What in the world is the matter with the twins?"

Nurse: "Sure, I don't know; but from the way they've been frettin' and cryin' all day, it's my opinion that they've mixed themselves up and can't tell which is which."

* * *

MINISTER (at the bedside): "My poor friend, are you prepared for the coming of the grim visitor?"

Dying Man: "No! no! I——"

"Even now he is knocking at the door, and——"

"He? Whom do you mean?"

"The Angel of Death."

"Oh, that's all right, then! I thought you were referring to my wife's mother.

* * *

CALLER: "Is Mr. Tackson in?"

Office Boy: "Yes, sir. But unless it's very important he can't see you. You see his baby is teething now."

Caller: "What has that to do with it?"

Office Boy: "Well, I don't like to wake him up."

* * *

SQUAM INLET POSTMASTER: "I'm beggin' your everlastin' pardon, lady, but 'deed it warn't my fault. Someway 'r nuther your letter's got a great hunk o' red beeswax onto it, an' I ain't been able t' git it off without tearin' th' enveloop."

MEMOIRS OF THOMAS HICKMAN.

THOMAS HICKMAN.

Known as the Gas Light Man.

In the early part of the nineteenth century many of the best English pugilists hailed from Bristol. One of the most promising of the Bristol school was Thomas Hickman, surnamed the Gas Light Man, who was born at Dudley, in Worcestershire, January 28, 1795, stood 5ft 8¼in, and fought best at 11st 11lb. He was reared in Bristol, and related with glee of his converting his dexterity and pluck into the means of offence to all the boys who exhibited any notion of the thing in the neighbourhood of his home, whom he lathered in succession. This is precisely the sort of education adapted to form the best fighting men, early habits serving in every case and at every emergency; and if to such early manifest advantages they add those of having overcome sturdy opposition, and of outwitting artful contrivances for obtaining those juvenile victories, they thereby fashion a plan or school of themselves, in which may be discovered each individual's characteristic mode of fighting, and which partakes invariably of the method pursued by those he has contended with or observed approvingly while fighting.

Thus Hickman had the Bristol method, the Broughtonian method, the Hebrew method, the Staffordshire and the Lancashire methods, or no method. Each man invariably adopts the peculiarities in any of those methods or manners of fighting that may seem or be found by him best adapted to his own particular powers, and notions of the fit moment of attack and the right point to be hit at. That of Tom Hickman was a small modification of the practice in those two counties, Birmingham being considered out of the district in those days, and as more ferocious than scientific. Although he stood well up to his man, and bored away at him even before he got warm, yet it could not be denied that he was always watching an opportunity for doing execution, and his favourite hit was on the jawbone. The effect of such a blow, when given in Hickman's best style, produced a knock-out. With the gloves he hit Shelton on the same spot so hard as to raise some doubts in the latter "whether his head was on his shoulders or not." Unlike Scroggins, he seemed desirous of making his blows tell upon the head or trunk, and, unlike the mere sparrers, defended himself not at all; so that he was between the two extremes, and might be said to have created a method of his own, unless he had in view the practice of that system of fighting resorted to by "the Hebrew school," from its having been introduced by Daniel Mendoza, and consisted in catching the moment that any point presented itself unguarded, and momentarily throwing away the whole body upon that effort. But still he neither copied nor was it in his nature to fall in with the pit-pat hits from the shoulder, or rather the elbow, that characterised the Hebrew mode of sparring, and done admirably well for show, but nothing else; for in letting go the blow which finished Cooper it was observed that his right leg quitted the ground at the moment the blow told, and Jack Scroggins remarked the same aloud; besides all which nothing on earth was more certain than the ruin of Thomas Hickman as a pugilist from the moment he should be persuaded to learn the Hebrew mode of acting in this particular. Indeed, sparring of any sort did not belong to the man of whom we speak; from a boy he continued to fight away all opponents, when he was discovered milling a man in the Borough in such gallant style as 'twas a pleasure to behold. Tom Shelton gave him an interview, and heard with satisfaction Hickman's recital of his various feats, and they were found not fables, but facts, the first being with a youth called Sedgeley, at Wedgbury Cocking; the second at same place, for a guinea a-side, with Jock Miller; next a provincial conqueror named Hollis, for five pounds a-side, both being strong men, while Tom was still but a youth of seventeen, and causing him a good deal of trouble. His fame was now up, and none offered their fists till Lewky Walker, a man of weight and metal from the coal pits, raised the two "bits of rag" to put down against the like sum from Hickman; however, Master Luke had liked to have been sacrificed in nineteen minutes' time, which was all the receipt he had for his money. After his arrival in the metropolis several "turn-ups" grace the career of Thomas Hickman in the intervals of as many regular bouts for small sums, among which may be reckoned two or three travelling sprees, up and down the streets, "when insolence takes the wall of modest diffidence," seven men lodging a complaint against Hickman at Union Hall, concerning his having milled six of their body in John Street, Tooley Street. They were millwrights by trade, who, having taken umbrage at his behaviour, waylaid him and "caught a Tartar." The magistrate, astonished at their story, and comparing the size of each of the plaintiffs with that of the accused man, dismissed them with rebukes at its improbability. He had, it seems, previously given several men of their factory a taste of his prowess, and in the gas works where he was employed took care to appease the turbulence of his own uproarious mates; this gave rise to the 'foresaid conspiracy, but he "dissolved the congress." Of the first-rate Gravel Lane men he took the conceit out of all who showed fight, and of some who barely showed their noses:—1st, Bill Doughty, a smith, in thirteen minutes; 2nd, Allix, a stupendous Irishman, who serviced Hickman, and tossed him down oft and repeatedly until the twentieth round, when Tom, having the best of him, planted a blow on his "whisker," and "that settled it," so the reader may imagine the rest; 3rd, he served Jack Thomas nearly in the same style; and 4th, bouncing Jack Andrews he dittoed easily, though both decent ones.

Through the interest of Shelton, Hickman was matched to undertake Peter Crawley for £50 a-side, on Tuesday, March 16, 1819, when he was 24 years of age. Crawley, though a tolerable sparrer, having some pluck, and a good deal of experience, had enough of it in thirteen minutes. These considerations gave much celebrity to "the man of gas," as he was termed in a poor pun upon the country of Goliath of old, and he was matched to fight George Cooper just a year afterwards. Cooper's science of defence was undoubtedly great, his mode of hitting elegant, but he was destined to be defeated by the unfinished tactics of a "bang up local"; and it is worth while to stop and remark that 7 to 4 was the current betting against Gas, notwithstanding the reports of his prowess, which were to be authenticated easily, and Shelton's proofs that he had fought the principal part of his last battle with a broken finger. In fourteen minutes and a half, however, Cooper could not come again, though this event might have been anticipated from the first round, in which Gas, having hit a little short of his mark (the whisker), his fist came in contact with the tip of his antagonist's nose, and driving the cartilage by a side twist so as to dislocate the integuments a good way round, occasioned a great internal extravasation of blood. Cooper's countenance changed considerably in the next round, but recovered a little upon the blood making its way to the mouth and throat, where it burst forth, and nearly choked the man. Such were among the efforts of Tom Hickman's hits as exemplified in this his first fight with Cooper, which took place near Stowe, in Buckinghamshire, the 28th March, 1820.

RIVALS FIGHT TO A FINISH.

A Midnight Scene in a German Saloon in London.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A battle out of the general run was brought to a decision in a German saloon in the West-end of London the other night. It was close to midnight when a young man about town entered in company with a female who is not a stranger to that portion of London.

Whilst enjoying a glass of beer a rival stepped in front of them and chided the fellow for alienating the affections of the female. A wordy war ensued, which resulted in the Amazon requesting the pair to fight it out and see who was the best man. Having her sporting blood fairly aroused, the woman urged the intruder into immediate action, and, walking up to the lunch bar, he secured a long bologna, returning to where the couple sat. A challenge was put forth and accepted, the rival likewise securing a bologna. Facing each other, the pair settled down to battering each other about the head and face. It was the good fortune of the female's companion to get possession of the hardest bologna of the two, and, delivering a crushing blow upon the neck, he soon had his opponent in a stooping posture to avoid another such a stinger. Following up the advantage, he belaboured the instigator of the battle a series of raps on the neck and head that soon knocked him down in a dazed condition. The proprietor of the establishment levied the price of the two bolognas on the beaten man, whilst the victor disappeared from the scene accompanied by the female.

A DOG AS A THIEF CATCHER.

Always Loyal to Those They Recognise as Masters or Friends.

(Subject of Illustration).

A dog is the most sagacious and faithful animal in existence, and well worthy of kind treatment. He will tolerate any amount of abuse before he dares resent the ill-usage. For domestic uses no animal has been found more serviceable to the human race, and many instances could be related which would appear almost incredible. We give an interesting narrative which is an absolute. Near Paisley, in Scotland, some fifty years ago, there resided a grazier named Donald Archer. He had long kept a fine dog for the purpose of attending his cattle on the mountains, a service which he performed with the greatest vigilance. The grazier, having a fine puppy given him by a friend, brought it home to his house, and was remarkably fond of it; but whenever the puppy was caressed the old sheep dog would snarl and appear greatly dissatisfied, and when at times it came to eat with old Brutus a dislike was evident, which at last made him leave the house; and notwithstanding every search was made after him by his master he was never able to discover him.

Some four years' time had elapsed when Archer drove a herd of cattle to a neighbouring fair, where he disposed of them, and after receiving the money he started for home. Before he had proceeded ten miles upon his return journey he was overtaken by a tempest of wind and rain that raged with such violence as to cause him to look for a place of shelter; not being able to perceive a house, he left the main road and ran towards a wood that appeared some distance off, where he escaped the violence of the storm by crouching under a tree. Departing from the proper way he actually lost himself, and knew not where he was. He travelled according to the best of his judgment, though with no fear of meeting danger from an attack of highwaymen. A smoke that came from some bushes convinced him that he was near a house, to which he deemed it prudent to go in order to ascertain where he really was, and also procure refreshment; accordingly he crossed a path and reached the door, knocked and demanded admission. The landlord, a surly-looking fellow, gave him an invite to enter into a room that presented a suspicious appearance. Archer had hardly seated himself before the fire when, to his surprise, old Brutus approached him with a wagging tail and demonstrating all the gladness he could express.

The grazier recognised the dog, and was astonished at thus unexpectedly finding him so many miles from home, but deemed it prudent not to make any inquiries. He gleaned the fact that he was fourteen miles from Paisley, and concluded to remain there for the night, because darkness had set in, and there was no prospect of a cessation of the storm. After a short conversation with the landlord he was conducted to a room and left to take his repose.

It is necessary to observe that, from the first moment of Archer's arrival, the dog had not left him for a moment, but followed him to his sleeping apartment, where he placed himself under the bed unperceived by the landlord.

The door being shut, he began to revolve in his mind the singular appearance of his old companion and the manners of those about the house. He was interrupted by the approach of the dog, which, by several extraordinary gestures, endeavoured to direct his attention to a particular corner of the room, where he proceeded, and saw a sight that called up every sentiment of horror. The floor was stained with blood, which seemed to flow out of a closet that was secured by a lock, which prevented him opening it.

No longer doubting his situation, and considering himself as the next victim of the wretches into whose society he had fallen, he resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible. With this determination he pulled out his pistols and softly opened the door, Brutus trailing at his heels with his shaggy hair erect, bent on destruction. Reaching the bottom of the stairs cautiously, he listened for a few minutes, when he heard a conversation being held by several persons whom he had not seen when he first entered the house.

The villainous landlord was informing them of the booty they would find in the possession of his guest, and the moment they were to murder him for that purpose! Alarmed as Archer was, he immediately concluded no time was to be lost in his effort to save his life; without hesitation he burst into the room and discharged a pistol at the landlord, who fell from his seat. The rest of the gang were astonished at the suddenness of the attack, while the grazier made for the door, let himself out, and fled, followed by the dog. A gun was discharged after him, but fortunately did no injury. Archer ran until daylight enabled him to perceive a house and the main road at no great distance. To this house he immediately called, and related all he had seen. The landlord called up a recruiting party that were quartered upon him, the sergeant of which accompanied the grazier in search of the house in the wood. The services and sagacity of the dog were now more than ever rendered conspicuous, for by running before his company, and his singular behaviour led them to the desired spot. On entering the house not a living creature was to be seen. They therefore began to explore the apartments, and found in the closet the murdered remains of a traveller who had been advertised throughout the country. On coming to the lower room the dog began to rake the earth near the fireplace with his paws. The sergeant ordered the spot to be dug up, and a trap door was discovered, which, on being opened, was found to contain the mangled bodies of many that had been robbed and murdered, with the landlord himself, not quite dead, though he had been shot through the neck by the grazier. The wretches in their quick retreat had thrown him in amongst those who had formerly fell victims to their cruelty, supposing him to be past recovery. He was cured of his wounds and brought to justice, tried, found guilty, and executed.

Another incident worthy of note occurred in a village situated between Caen and Vire, where resided a peasant who had frequently abused his wife. Being at length weary of living with one whom he always hated, he resolved to get rid of her. He pretended to be reconciled, and on holidays invited her to walk out with him in the fields for recreation. One summer evening, after a very hot day, he carried her to cool and repose herself on the borders of a spring in a solitary spot. Pretending thirst, the clearness of the water tempted them to drink. He laid himself down upon his belly and swilled large draughts, requesting her to do likewise. As soon as he saw her in a bended posture he threw himself upon her and plunged her head in the water to drown her. She struggled violently for her life, but could not have prevailed but for the aid of a dog who used to follow, and was fond of her. He flew at the husband, seized him by the throat, and made him release his hold, thereby saving his mistress.

During slavery days plantation owners found the bloodhound invaluable for the recovery of runaway slaves, and no doubt the policeman in a certain town in the West of England hit upon that idea when he secured a dog which he has trained to accompany him in doing his duty. There is no occasion for him to exert himself in giving chase to miscreants, because his canine performs those functions, and, catching the guilty one, maintains a tight grip on the leg or the trousers seat until the master comes up and secures the man he is after.

CISSIE LOFTUS.

The Clever Performer who was Recently Married to Mr. Justin Huntly M'Carthy.

(With Portrait.)

Miss Marie Cecilia Brown Loftus, the clever performer who was recently married to Mr. Justin Huntly M'Carthy, was born on October 22, 1879, and a year ago was a diligent student in the school associated with the Convent of the Holy Child, Blackpool. She passed with flying colours the examination at the Liverpool Centre of the Royal College of Music. A trifling ailment sent her home in the middle of the summer term, and she became the frequent companion of her mother, Miss Marie Loftus, in a round of professional duties. The child thus obtained a glimpse of most of the popular favourites of the variety stage, her quick eyes and receptive mind noting and storing up all their little peculiarities. In the drawing-room of the pretty cottage at Herne Hill, where her parents reside, Miss Cissie astonished her friends on summer afternoons by her life-like reproductions of the artists who had unconsciously been the objects of her study. At first her efforts were treated as an ebullition of girlish fun to amuse the domestic circle; but spectators soon detected in her performance a specimen of that spontaneous and unsophisticated art which is as rare as it is delightful. They urged that the world should have the benefit of the discovery, and Cissie took to the idea so kindly that parental scruples were at last overcome. The experiment was made on July 17, 1893, and Cissie became at once so great a favourite that her school-days were peremptorily ended, and she began a professional career that has been of unique distinction. During the greater part of the run of "Don Juan" at the Gaiety she was a charming Haidée; but more recently she has been exclusively at the disposal of the Palace Theatre.

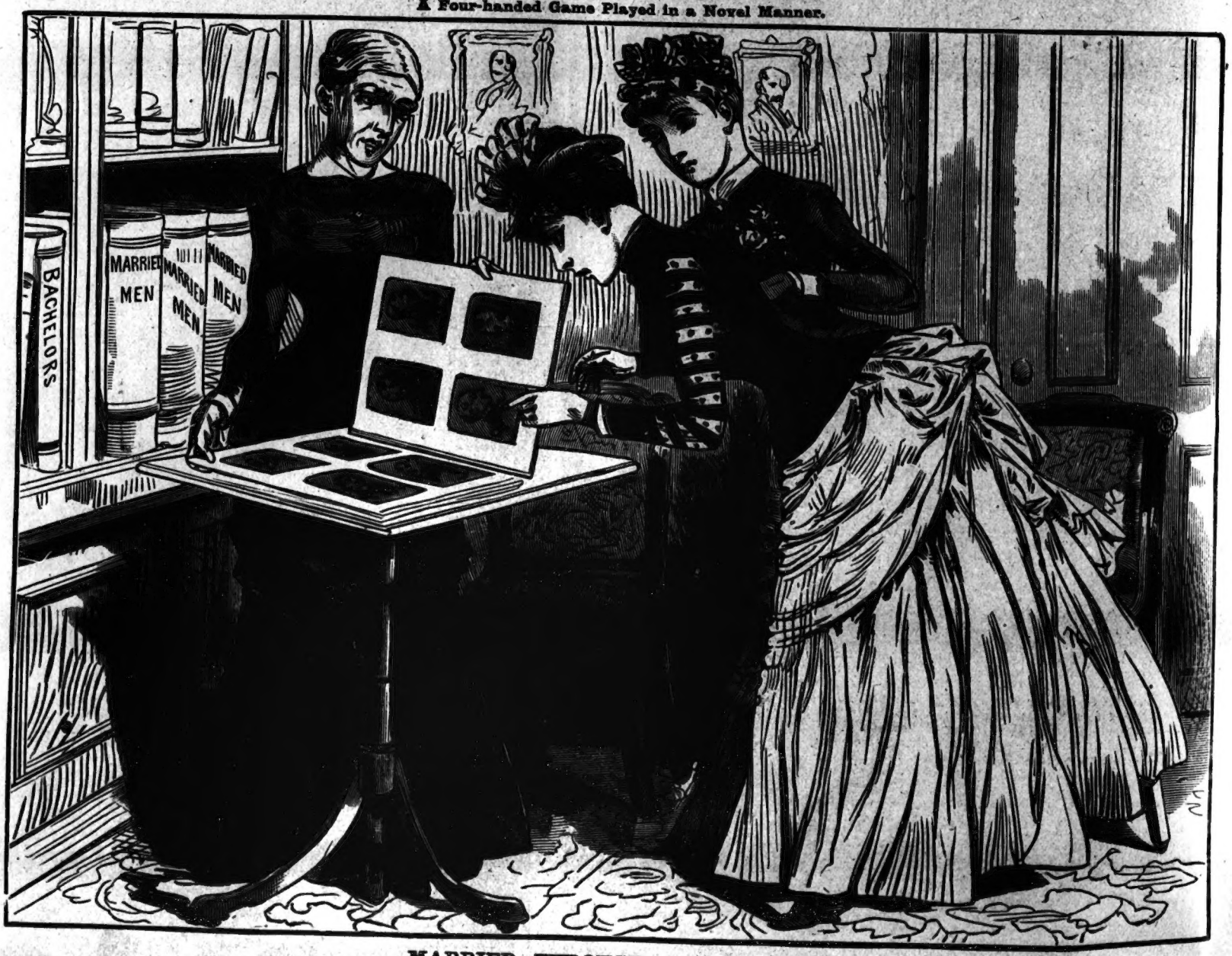
She commences her provincial tour on September 24. The company engaged to support her include Mr. Van Biene, the famous 'cello player; Mr. Servais Le Roy, the well-known conjurer; Mr. Kelso Trueman, and Miss Lilian Alexander. In many places the booking has already almost exhausted the capacity of the halls engaged.

"So you think you can stand the arduous duties of a variety actor? You know in our play we find occasion to throw you down a 34ft flight of stairs into a barrel of scrap iron."

"I guess I can make it," said the hungry man who had applied for a job. "I was collector for an easy payment house for three years."

TENNIS PLAYED IN THE SURF.

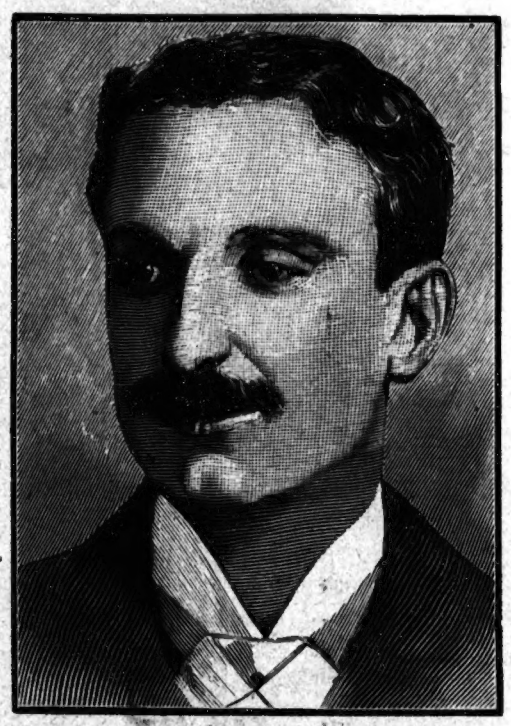
A Four-handed Game Played in a Novel Manner.



MARRIED THROUGH AN AGENCY.

How Young Ladies Frequently make Mistakes in Matrimonial Ventures.

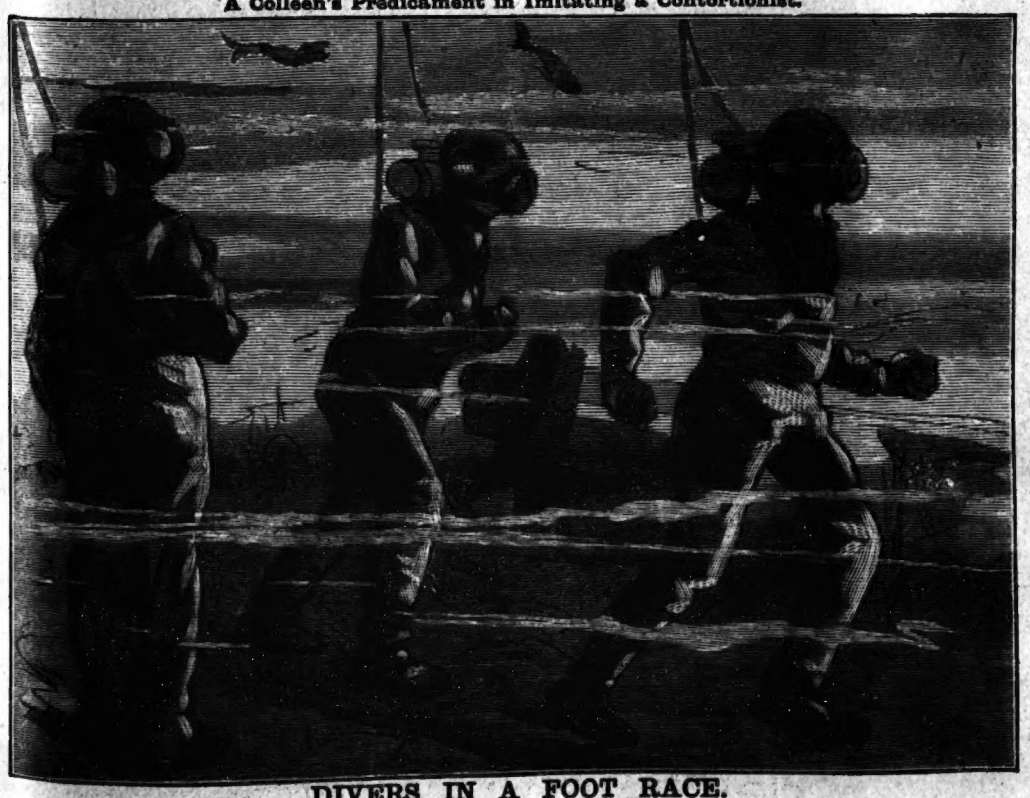
A DOG AS A THIEF CATCHER.
Always Loyal to those they Recognise as Masters or Friends.



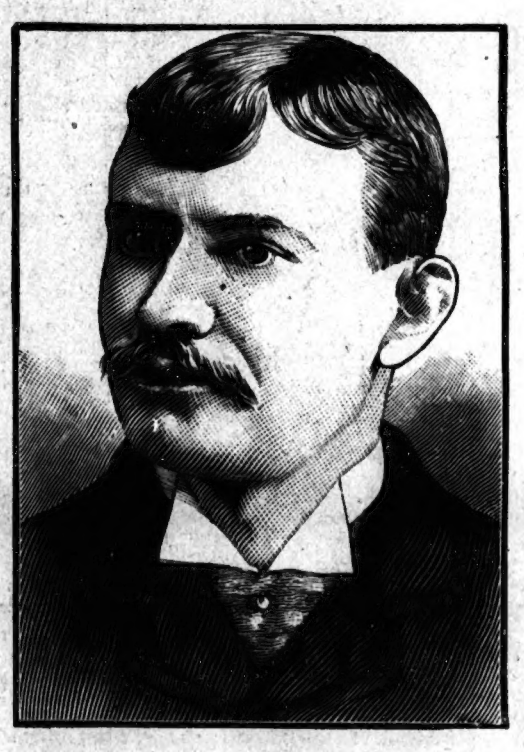
WILLIAM JAMES ELLIOTT.
An Enterprising Newsagent Located at Lewisham.

TIED HERSELF IN A KNOT.
A Colleen's Predicament in Imitating a Contortionist.

WILLIAM HAINES.
An Old Windsor Sculler who Won the Championship at Punting.



DIVERS IN A FOOT RACE.
A Spirited Contest at the Bottom of the Sea.



JOHN GORMAN.
A St. Luke's Hairdresser who is a Rapid Shaver and an Expert Boxer.

KEPT THE TOOTH AS A RELIC.—Jack is a well-known character as having been connected with several boxing booths, and also indulging in sparring bouts at various exhibitions and benefits. A short time since he was pitted against Cock Robin for an exhibition spar at a certain entertainment, and some of the spectators suspected that he was fe'ing his way for an opening to drop in a knock-out and make it appear accidental. Cock Robin evidently accepted the same view of the situation, because he took a turn and p a d Jack off with a savage blow on the mouth. The other day Jack met a friend in the North of London, and, after exchanging a few words, he pulled from his waistcoat pocket a tooth, which he held up in view with his left hand; at the same time pointing to his mouth, he exclaimed: "'Ere, boss, see that tooih? See me mouth? That's Mr. Blooming Cock Robin as served me so nasty, and it was at a b'asted benefit, too!"

LOST ALL HIS FRONT TEETH.—Some twenty years ago two well-known London light-weights engaged in a prize ring encounter in the home district. The battle was of a desperate character, both being of a determined disposition and evenly matched. After the mill had been in progress for over an hour one essayed to plant a right-hander on the vital spot, but to his chagrin he received a crushing b'ow on the mouth which sent him clean across the ring. Jumping quickly to his feet, he reached to his mouth and pulled out all his front upper teeth. Throwing them at his antagonist, he said: "Strike me, but as you wants my blooming teeth more 'an I do, take the lot, and I'll give you a good hiding in the bargain."

BOTH WERE STIFFENED.—What has killed sprinting has been the doubtful running of men in handicaps. A fair illustration may be cited of a heat in a certain handicap in which there were only two starters and both backed to lose. The men effected an even start and ran fairly well half-way down the course, when one fell down on his hands and knees in order to lose. The other man evidently anticipated such a move, because when the man fell the other came to a sudden halt beside him, causing the heat and all bets to be declared off.

THEY BECAME STEADFAST FRIENDS.—Many years ago two noblemen had a dispute which resulted in a challenge to a duel. The men met the following morning at daybreak with revolvers carefully loaded. It happened that the challenged party got in the first shot, and winged his opponent in the left arm. The injured nobleman advanced with gun in hand, and when within a few yards he discharged his pistol in the air, then threw his down at the feet of his adversary, whom he approached with the right hand extended, remarking, "My lord, you have winged me, but here is my hand." They became inseparable companions and steadfast friends, and when one was to be seen the other was always close at hand.

TRIED TO MAKE HIMSELF SHORT.—At a race meeting near Paris there was a fair sprinkling of the short-haired fraternity seeking a fight for a purse. A Dublin light-weight was on hand, and his admirer suggested that he take on one of the London division. That element were immediately called up in line so the Irish lad could take his pick whom he should meet. One more anxious than the rest crouched down to make himself appear the smallest of the party in hopes of being the chosen one. The Irish lad scrutinised the deceiver for a moment, and then remarked: "Oh, you sly beggar; you are the cove whom I wants before the rest, just to treat you to a good hiding." An inability to procure a suitable purse caused the affair to fall through, however.

JOHN GORMAN.

A St. Luke's Hairdresser who is a Rapid Shaver and an Expert Boxer.

(With Portrait.)

JACK GORMAN, of 96, Lever Street, St. Luke's, wants to contend for THE MIRROR OF LIFE trophy for rapid shaving. He says: "I have been established in business in St. Luke's for many years, and many of my customers desire me to have a 'cut in' for your championship trophy. I am prepared to shave against any man in the trade, and win or lose I'll then box any of them at 9st for £25 or £50 a-side; or I'll make either or both matches irrespective of entering the competition."

HILAND: "Do you think that Corbett and Jackson will fight?"

Halket: "No; I think they will talk to a finish."

AMY: "I remember your friend Clare married Mr. Nicotine so as to reform him. He was such an intemperate smoker. How did she succeed?"

Joe: "Perfectly. He gave up tobacco entirely—and took to drink."

— That J. Smith conceded J. Mills three yards start in a race of 120 yards at Brownhills September 3, for £10, and won by a yard and a half.

— That Walter Pike, of Bermondsey, is prepared to wrestle any lad in England, Lancashire style, at 7st 8lb, for any amount of money.

— That Walter Pike is a nephew of Dick Pike, who won the wrestling championship at Plymouth in 1874.

— That we shall give our readers all the inside news of the battle between Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, and John O'Brien, and accounts of how the men progress in their training.

— That Arthur Callan and Jack Gover are both in training in France for their prize ring fight to occur the last of September for a 100-guinea purse.

— That Arthur Callan anticipates a short and decisive fight when he meets Gover on French soil again.

— That J. McKenna defeated Jem Lowes in a sculling race at Newcastle, September 3, for £10.

— That Tom Cannon, the champion wrestler, has been appearing at the Haymarket Theatre, Liverpool, offering £10 to any man he failed to throw within fifteen minutes' time.

— That Harry Webster, a clever London pugilist, seeks a match with Johnny Boyle, of Glasgow, at 9st 6lb or 9st 8lb, for £50 or £100 a-side.

— That a good performance was accomplished on a tandem at Hitchin, September 4, by J. W. Schofield and T. Relph, who covered half a mile, with a flying start (on a tandem safety), in 54sec. Mr. G. Evans (R.R.A.) and Mr. E. Perman (Catford C.C.) timed.

— That at the Central Cricket Grounds, Hastings, September 19, E. C. Bredin, 440 and 880 yards champion, will endeavour to lower the half mile running record, for a grass track, of 1 min 58 2-5 sec made by W. G. George.

— That those who fail to read THE MIRROR OF LIFE weekly can't expect to be thoroughly posted on sporting matters in general.

— That sailmaker Wilson, lately on the Vigilant, has arrived in New York, and is giving the public the benefit of his views. He thinks the Vigilant received every right under the rules, but nothing more. "The English yachtsmen," he said, "neither gave nor asked for favours. The Vigilant can make no charges. Americans can learn much from their British brethren, who know their business thoroughly. Americans are becoming convinced of the advantages of the one-gun start."

— That Harry Greenfield, of London, is prepared to box Tom Woolley, of Walsall, at catch-weights for £100, providing Woolley defeats Overton.

— That James Lewis, of Newcastle, and James Johnson, of Sunderland, will meet in a glove contest at Newcastle shortly.

— That good things are usually scarce, but THE MIRROR OF LIFE is full of them every week.

— That Sam Lewis, a 9st 10lb Australian pugilist, is in London, and seeks a customer at even weight for a twenty-round battle for a suitable purse.

— That Sam Blakelock, the clever Battersea pugilist and trainer, will be tendered a benefit at the Washington Music Hall September 25, when he promises some lively bouts between amateurs and professionals.

— That J. H. Tyers, the Manchester Amateur Champion swimmer, won the 150 Yards Northern Counties Amateur Championship at Scarborough Aquarium on September 4 in a 70ft bath in 1min 47 2-5sec, R. Derbyshire, of Manchester, being 12yds behind.

— That on September 4 Professor Heaton swam from Liverpool landing-stage to New Brighton, a distance of three miles, in 62min.

— That Denny Butler, who handles Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, was at one time the champion swimmer of America, and is also an expert at boxing.

— That Mr. and Mrs. Kendall have left England for a nine months' theatrical tour in the States.

— That the proposed Slavin-Unknown battle has completely fizzled out after a lot of newspaper controversy.

— That Charles Hutching, of the Royal Liverpool Golf Club, won the Jubilee Vase at the Golf Tournament at St. Andrews, September 6.

LAWRENCE WALL.

A Lancashire Lad who is the Champion Amateur Boxer of Great Britain at 8st.

(With Portrait.)

LAWRENCE WALL, of Salford, 8st Amateur Champion of England, is one of the most unassuming members of the noble art, whose gameness and skill have gained for him the admiration of the sporting fraternity of Lancashire. Not only as an exponent of the fistic art does he shine, but, as a member of the Salford Harriers, has won several medals for proficiency in cross-country running. Wall's first appearance in the ring was at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, four years ago, at the age of 17, his weight then being 7st 4lb. The event was an 8st novice competition, and, although beaten in the second round by the ultimate winner, his style greatly pleased the good judges present. His next attempt was attended with better success, he being returned the winner of the Longsight Harriers' 8st novice competition, again boxing at 7st 4lb. G. Jones, of Hulme, not satisfied with his defeat by Wall in the first round of the Longsight H. competition, challenged the latter, only to again suffer defeat at the end of six rounds. Wall next met and defeated H. Jackson, of Hulme, in a six-round contest. Early in the spring of 1892 the Weaste Harriers offered a prize for Wall and Calvert, of Hulme, to box the best of ten rounds. Wall won with ridiculous ease at the end of four rounds. G. A. Jones, 7st 6lb, Northern Counties Amateur Champion, was the next to acknowledge defeat at the hands of Wall, after a spirited contest. He next won the Manchester Gymnastic Club's 8st 4lb competition, the winner to be sent to London for the bantam weight championship, where he created a surprise by defeating Godbold (the holder) in the first round, and although thought by good judges to have won, the decision was against him in the final. Immediately after this he won an 8st 4lb competition at Hanley Circus, Staffordshire, and followed up this success with a splendid win over H. Jackson, of Hulme, at the Ormonde Club, Manchester, for a 12-guinea cup presented by the club, 15 rounds being fought with the utmost gameness by both lads. Wall again visited London for the amateur championship last April, but owing to some infringement of the rules of the Association, although his entry had been accepted, was not allowed to box, a great disappointment and loss of time and money. On the occasion of Billy Plimmer's recent visit to Manchester, Wall boxed three rounds exhibition with the bantam champion, and was highly complimented by the *Manchester Sporting Chronicle* on his excellent show. Plimmer presented him with his colours as a memento of his visit.

Wall's backers would be pleased to make a match for £25 or £50 a-side with Wilson of Leeds, Chappie Moran of Coventry, or J. Manning of Hanley, at 8st, give or take 2lbs.

Quite recently Wall has become the tenant of the "Duke of Cambridge," Regent Road, Salford, where he will always be pleased to welcome both old and new friends.

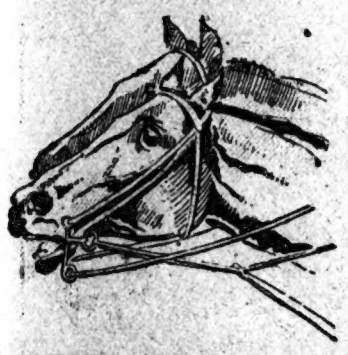
READ "THE MIRROR OF LIFE."

Those who desire to keep posted on matters appertaining to sporting should not fail to read the MIRROR OF LIFE weekly. It shall contain from week to week portraits of people prominent in all branches of sporting, a thorough review of boxing, pedestrianism, aquatics, and gossip of men of olden times. All articles will be just, and bestow credit where credit is due.

The portraits and sketches of stage celebrities of this country and the United States, with occasional gossip of the new features presented at different music-halls throughout the kingdom, will not be the least attractive in the journal.

The utmost care will be taken not to publish in any portion of the paper anything that borders upon lewdness or immorality. Advertisements of a questionable character will not be accepted because they have a tendency to degrade and corrupt. The MIRROR OF LIFE is in the field as a thorough illustrated sporting journal, pure and simple and the encouragement it has received is sufficient to guarantee a success.

TURF NOTES.



DONCASTER AND ALEXANDRA PARK.

THE ST. LEGER SELECTIONS.

THE CESAREWITCH AND CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

THE WEEK'S FINALS.

THE meeting at Doncaster has already advanced one day, and the supremacy for the last classic event of '94 will be contested this afternoon. The manner with which Ladas has been treated in the market appears ominous; seldom do the pencilling fraternity give much away, and their extended offers against the favourite may not be altogether without good cause, yet at headquarters those who know and are most interested in the colt declare him to be thoroughly fit, and quite expect him to close his three-year-old career with the triple crown. Match-Box, when it came to staying, showed at Epsom that he was no match for Ladas; his length and a half beating on that occasion should work out here much in the same way when the real struggle commences to-day, when the superiority of this colt will again be established over those of his own age. The unfortunate Bullingdon was the only one who could boast of having beaten him, and all sportsmen must regret the untimely accident which removed him from the field. None the Wiser, who beat the Duke of Westminster's colt at Ascot, is the only opponent to meet Ladas with an unbeaten certificate. Whether she will have to strike her colours to the champion remains to be seen; her July victory over Golden Slipper later showed it to be no fluke, but her advantage in the weight when meeting Bullingdon in the Ascot Derby Stakes hardly shows the filly to have a first-class chance for the Leger; the same may be said of Hornbeam, who, on form, can have no pretensions to premier honours; but he has been doing some good lengthy gallops, and over this distance may he much nearer to his former conqueror than at Epsom, where some ten lengths divided them. Time will have wrought some improvement in this colt, and the white, scarlet sleeves, and black cap may obtain a situation. Whatever ailed Amiable, she is again herself, and, if the fillies are to have a look in, this one will prove to be the best. The fillies this year have hardly been up to the standard of the colts, therefore in selecting three to represent me, I must give an undivided vote in favour of

LADAS,

with Match-Box and Amiable to occupy the remaining situations, for the Rufford Abbey Plate, which Merrywise has earned a penalty, and as this is a half mile further than the Carington Handicap distance, which he captured on Saturday last, he may be an absentee. Weltondale, if seen at the post, will find plenty of friends, and although l'Anson may have two strings to his bow, his selected will be found in the lightly-weighted Lady Killer, and between her and the useful Linny the choice of selection for this event will be divided. Carrick, in the Cleveland Handicap, has plenty of weight, and if started for this event it must not be forgotten how easily he secured it on the last occasion; but the class is considerably better now, and such as Siffleuse should certainly hold the aged son of Springfield safely. Pitcher is another that may be expected to do his best at this distance, and Adoration will meet Sir Blundell Maple's representative on slightly better terms than last time, when Chin Chin beat Siffleuse by a neck. Amandier, also, must be held in respect if seen at the post, and I shall couple her with Siffleuse to find the winner. Farndale may dispose of the slight opposition in the Bradgate Park Stakes, and Bonspiel, on recent form, should beat the best of those opposing him in the Tattersall Sale Stakes. Coranto may have a cut in here, but the recent form of the first-named will be the best guide. The Brook has been fancied on several occasions, but expectations in this quarter have not been realised; if, however, the field should find the two top-weights absent, then the latter's chance may be looked upon as next best. The Alexandra Plate has an open appearance, and Lucy Cross, who won the Wentworth Stakes over this course, with Stirrup, Cup may find a dangerous opponent in Macready. The earlier running must be watched, because on that will largely depend those who will be seen out in the Portland Plate, where Whisperer looks handy, and one in the same stable is Erin, who if wanted for this, is nicely placed with 7st 10lb. Jewitt has five to select from; his best will be Erin, who may capture the Plate. Isola, who may be seen out on Tuesday in the Great Yorkshire Handicap, will have a better chance in the Scarborough Stakes. I like Saintly and Matabele of the thirty-six entered in the Rous Plate, and Callistrate, Paddy, and Medici in this order for the Cup on Friday. The Park Hill Stakes, Amiable or Sarana. If the Duke's filly should meet with a reverse in the St. Leger she will comfortably dispose of all these young ladies. The uncertain Galloping Dick figures in the Doncaster Stakes, where also are Hornbeam, Stone Chack, and Jack the Dandy, who look like forming the leading trio, and if reduced to a final vote Hornbeam, if he has any pretensions to win the Leger, cannot fail in this company. In his absence Jack the Dandy may be next best. The Prince of Wales's Nursery may fall to Telescope or Bended Knees. If a boy can be found to do justice to Meadow Chat, this one may occupy a prominent position at the finish. On Saturday, at Alexandra Park, a pleasant gathering may be expected to take part in the sport at the foot of the Palace grounds, being within easy reach of the metropolis, and having no other fixture to clash with it, an overflowing attendance may have to be recorded. The chief item on the afternoon's card is the Middlesex Handicap. In this we have Admiral Benbow, and it is not the first time he has been asked to win over this course, and with Chater, who has also been seen to advantage here, should divide favouritism. The September Nursery may fall to Compton Miss or Camena, the first for choice, the Alexandra Handicap Dirk or Boxwood, and Ejector may win the Palace Plate. The unclosed races are sure to be well filled, and an interesting day's sport will fitly close a memorable week.

The weights for both the autumn handicaps show the earlier selections which were published in this column to be nicely treated at the weight they should accept, and I must again point to the chances possessed in the

Cesarewitch Stakes by
Opera Glass, Theseus, and Hettie Sorrell.
Cambridgeshire Stakes,
Priestholme, Xury, and Court Ball,

and below will be found the selections for the week which may with a run be the best to depend upon:—

DONCASTER.

WEDNESDAY.

Rufford Abbey Plate,
Lady Killer or Linny.
The Cleveland Handicap,
Siffleuse or Pitcher.
The Bradgate Park Plate,
Farndale.
The Tattersall Sale Stakes,
Bonspiel.
St. Leger Stakes,

Ladas	**1**
Match-Box ...	**2**
Amiable	**3**

THURSDAY.

The Alexandra Plate,
Stirrup Cup or Lucy Cross.
The Portland Plate,
Erin.
The Scarborough Stakes,
Isola.
The Rous Plate,
Saintly.

FRIDAY.

Doncaster Cup,
Callistrate.
The Park Hill Stakes,
Amiable or Sarana.
The Doncaster Stakes,
Hornbeam or Jack the Dandy.
The Prince of Wales's Nursery,
Telescope or Bended Knees.

ALEXANDRA PARK.

SATURDAY.

The Palace Plate,
Ejector.
The September Nursery,
Compton Miss or Camena.
The Middlesex Handicap,
Chater or Admiral Benbow.
The Alexandra Handicap,
Boxwood.

CHALK.

SIBYL (who has been thrown over by her fiancé): "I feel utterly discouraged."

Tippie (soothingly): "Never mind, dear. Remember, there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught."

Sibyl: "That's all very well. But doesn't it occur to you that one may get tired of fishing."

MR. BROWN: "Miss Robinson, er—will you change your name to Brown?"

Miss Robinson: "Yes."

Mr. B.: "Alice, darling! When?"

Miss R.: "When my uncle, Thomas Brown, dies. He lives me his money on that condition."

HONEST SPORTS.

BY winning the 100 yards swimming race in Tonpheal Public Baths, Glasgow, September 6, E. G. Thomson secures as personal property the challenge cup for the Scotch championship. The entry was the smallest yet received, only six competitors sending in their names—five from Glasgow and one from Edinburgh, Beilby, who made such a creditable first appearance in the 50 Yards Championship last week, being the stranger. The full list of entrants and clubs was: William Whyte, West of Scotland Club (Glasgow ex 200 yards and 500 yards champion); Jas. Shirra, Dolphin Club, Glasgow; Erich M. Beilby, Drumsheugh Baths Club, Edinburgh; Samuel James Moore, Western Private Baths Club (220 yards champion); Alex. McDougall, Vulcan Club, Glasgow; and Eric George Thomson, Pollockshields Baths Club, Glasgow (50 yards champion and holder). Contrary to expectation, Beilby and Shirra failed to put in an appearance. The remaining quartet got away to a splendid start. Moore led by a good yard at the half-distance, but from this point Thomson closed up, and won by three yards, Moore being second, Whyte third, and McDougall fourth. Time, 69 4-5sec—a second worse than last year.

* * *

THE Brighton-and-back Safety record of 5hr 52min 30sec, standing to the credit of S. F. Edge, was on September 6 beaten by E. Dance by 12sec. Dance, who held the record in 1892, started from Coulsdon and turned at Hyde Park Corner. He reached Brighton in 3hr 32min, and the finishing point (Coulsdon) in 5hr 52min 18sec. Mr. E. A. Powell timed.

* * *

THE senior and junior championships at 150 yards and 100 yards respectively were decided at the Excelsior Baths, Bethnal Green, on the occasion of the Pacific Club's Swimming Tournament, September 6, with the following results:—

100 Yards Junior Championship.—L. S. Lyon, Brighton S.C., 1; G. Morey, Pacific S.C., 2; A. J. Legion, Surrey Commercial Docks S.C., 3. Won by half a yard. Time, 1min 29 3-5sec.

150 Yards Championship of London.—A. A. Green, Otter S.C., 1; E. C. Smith, Leander S.C., 2; F. C. Dudley, Otter S.C., 3. Won by five yards. Time, 1min 52sec.

* * *

A SWEEPSTAKE walking match of 50 miles has been arranged to occur in London on Monday, October 8. Each subscriber is to post £5, the winner to take the stakes and a portion of the gate receipts. Jack Hibberd, James Ray, William Griffin, W. Slater, and E. Pierce have attached their names to the articles, and others desiring to contend, barring H. Munro, can do so.

* * *

THE tonsorial artists met at THE MIRROR OF LIFE office, 108, Fleet Street, E.C., on Thursday, September 6, to discuss matters appertaining to the Shaving Competition for the championship trophy given by THE MIRROR OF LIFE. Mr. Peter Moss was unable to attend, but sent word that he would acquiesce in any arrangement that was fair and reasonable. Thomas Steele sent a similar message. Robert George Hardie and his brother, Edwin Robert Hardie, both of Notting Hill Gate, attended and signed the original articles, which have been signed by Rymer, Moss, and Steele. Jack Gorman, of St. Luke's, has expressed a desire to contend, and also states that he will box any hairdresser at 9st for a suitable stake. Mr. R. G. Hardie declares that he will take on Gorman at 9st in a boxing contest or a shaving match, or at both, or he will first endeavour to defeat Gorman in the competition for the trophy and indulge in the boxing match directly afterwards.

The men adjourned the meeting till September 23, when they will meet at THE MIRROR OF LIFE and subscribe towards the expenses for hall, and agree upon a manager for the contest. The entire net proceeds of the "gate" will be divided proportionately amongst the men.

* * *

MR. ROBERT GEORGE HARDIE, of Notting Hill Gate, writes to the MIRROR OF LIFE as follows:—"It is with feelings of delight that I pen these few lines to inform you how pleased I am with the handsome trophy that was shown us on Thursday last. It is, indeed, a work of art and a credit to the manufacturer, and I sincerely hope the one who has the good fortune to possess it will look upon it as an honest and well-earned reward for his proficiency.

"I am also pleased to hear that there are one or two other entries since last week, but should very much like to pass a few remarks respecting one entry, *re* J. Gorman, of St. Luke's (I think of this locality), who expresses a desire of entering this competition, also wishes to "box." I should like to mention that these two "arts" do not harmonise in any way whatever. Let us settle one stroke of business first; then, if Mr. Gorman desires a "boxing match" with any in our profession, I should be very pleased to introduce to him a brother, *also* an assistant, who would only be too happy to oblige that gentleman for any sum up to £25.

"There is still another matter which has occurred to me. We have at the present time two of our profession who style themselves champions—namely, Messrs. Edward Lloyd and Teddy Wick—and I find *their* names do not appear for this competition. I should like to be informed, firstly by what earthly right have they to style themselves champions? Secondly, who conferred this mark of distinction by presenting them with this title?

"Previous to their shaving match at the Aquarium, I had a personal interview with Mr. Ritchie, who gave me to understand that that match was for £20 a-side. My friend, who accompanied me on this occasion, wished to deposit £20 with that gentleman so that my name should appear with the other contestants. He was informed that it was out of his (Mr. Ritchie's) power to interfere in any way, and that he had better seek the sporting papers, which we have done for the last three years without satisfaction. My contention is simply this: if these men have any reliance in their abilities why do they hesitate in coming forward and appending their names to the list of competitors on this grand and genuine occasion. In conclusion, allow me to offer my humble apologies for venturing so far on your valuable time and space, but I must give way to my feelings."

* * *

PROVINCIAL Athletic Meetings were well contested September 8. The total entry of 735 for the various events is the largest ever known in the North of England. G. Crossland, the national cross-country champion, finished second (with 45 yards start) to T. Brown, of Castleford, 137 yards start, in 4min 19 1-5sec. F. E. Bacon (the one and four miles champion) ran unplaced from scratch. The third and most noteworthy of the Devonshire athletic meetings was held at Exeter. E. C. Bredin, L.A.C. (the quarter and half-mile champion) beat S. R. Huson, S.L.H., and A. Millett, Finchley H., in the order named in the Quarter-Mile Level Race. Time, 53 3-5sec. Huson had previously won the 120 Yards Handicap, with 3½ yards start, in 12sec; and Millett afterwards, with 25 yards start, won the Half-Mile. Bredin took up his place at scratch in the latter event, but in starting unfortunately sprained his ankle.

* * *

THOUGH unimportant athletic meetings were held close to London, September 8, several well-known men figured as contestants. H. Watkins and Sid Thomas both competed unsuccessfully at the Hampstead Harriers' sports. R. G. Perry and B. B. Hunt, joint holders of the Essex high-jumping championship, competed at the South Woodford sports, Perry winning the 120 yards hurdle race in 18sec, long jump at 19ft 8in, and high jump at 5ft 6in. H. Curtis, the amateur champion walker, finished third from scratch in the two miles open walking handicap of the Gas Light and Coke Company at Bowes Park.

* * *

A TWELVE hours' bicycle race was decided at Glasgow September 8, and resulted in a victory for J. H. Petersen, of Coventry, with a total of 225¾ miles; J. H. Nation, Vagabond C.C. (219 miles), being second; and A. R. Wayte, Irish Road Club (217 miles), third. Petersen will be remembered as runner-up to F. W. Shorland in the recent 24 hours' race at the London County Grounds, Herne Hill.

* * *

AT East Finchley, September 8, the final rounds in a professional was decided between Willie Duncan, East Finchley, and James Gow, Muswell hill, were played. Victory rested with the first-named, who was 8 up and 6 to play at the finish. A large number of persons followed the competitors in fine though rather cold weather.

* * *

AS a result of the Paddington gambling house case, Ward, who was charged with keeping the house, was fined £20, and Spriggs and Parker £10 each, at the Marylebone Court, September 8. Two other men found on the premises were discharged on entering into recognisances to be of good behaviour.

* * *

T. LOATES increased his winning total in the week to 118 (four winners), and Morny Cannon (who rode four winners) made his score 108, Finlay 64, Bradford 61, S. Loates 64, Allsopp 56, Calder 53, J. Watts 49, Chandley 41, Brown 41, White 37, Colling 27, G. Chaloner 19, G. Barrett 19, Rickaby 28, Gough 22, Fagan 18, Toon 17, W. Pratt 12, C. Loates 13, J. Woodburn 20, Weldon 13, F. Pratt 10, Madden 7, F. Black 9, F. Webb 7, J. Harrison 8, Armstrong 7, Wingfield 10, Huxtable 6, A. Watts 6, Cartledge 5, T. Garrett 5, A. Nightingall 5, E. Hunt 4, F. Park 4.

* * *

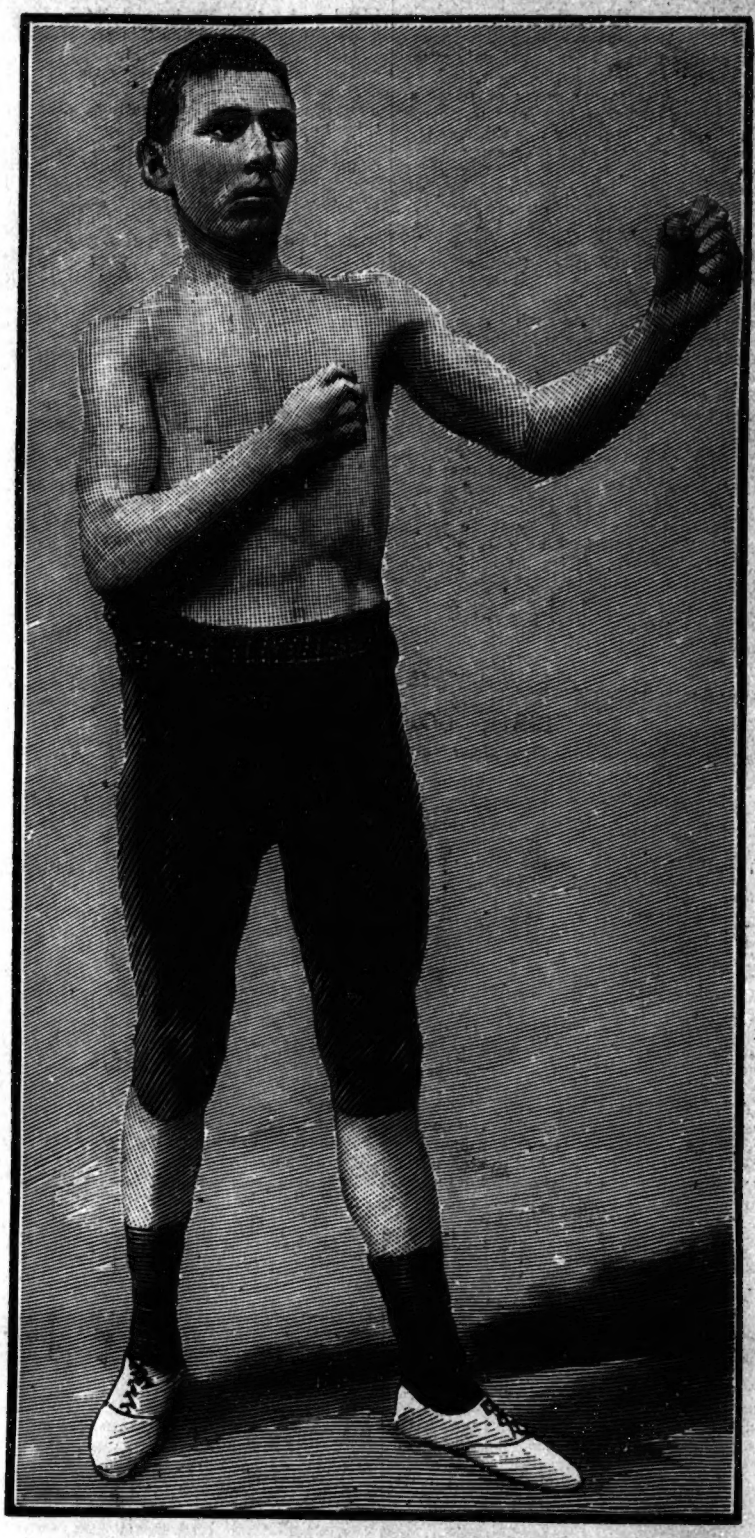
THE Doncaster Sheffield Handicap has been postponed for some reason not known, only to those directly interested. It is expected a date will shortly be set when the event will be brought to a decision.

* * *

THE Midland Pedestrian Company's 135 Yards Handicap for £50 in prizes, to be decided September 15 and 17, at Wednesbury, has a good field of entries and some first-class running is anticipated.

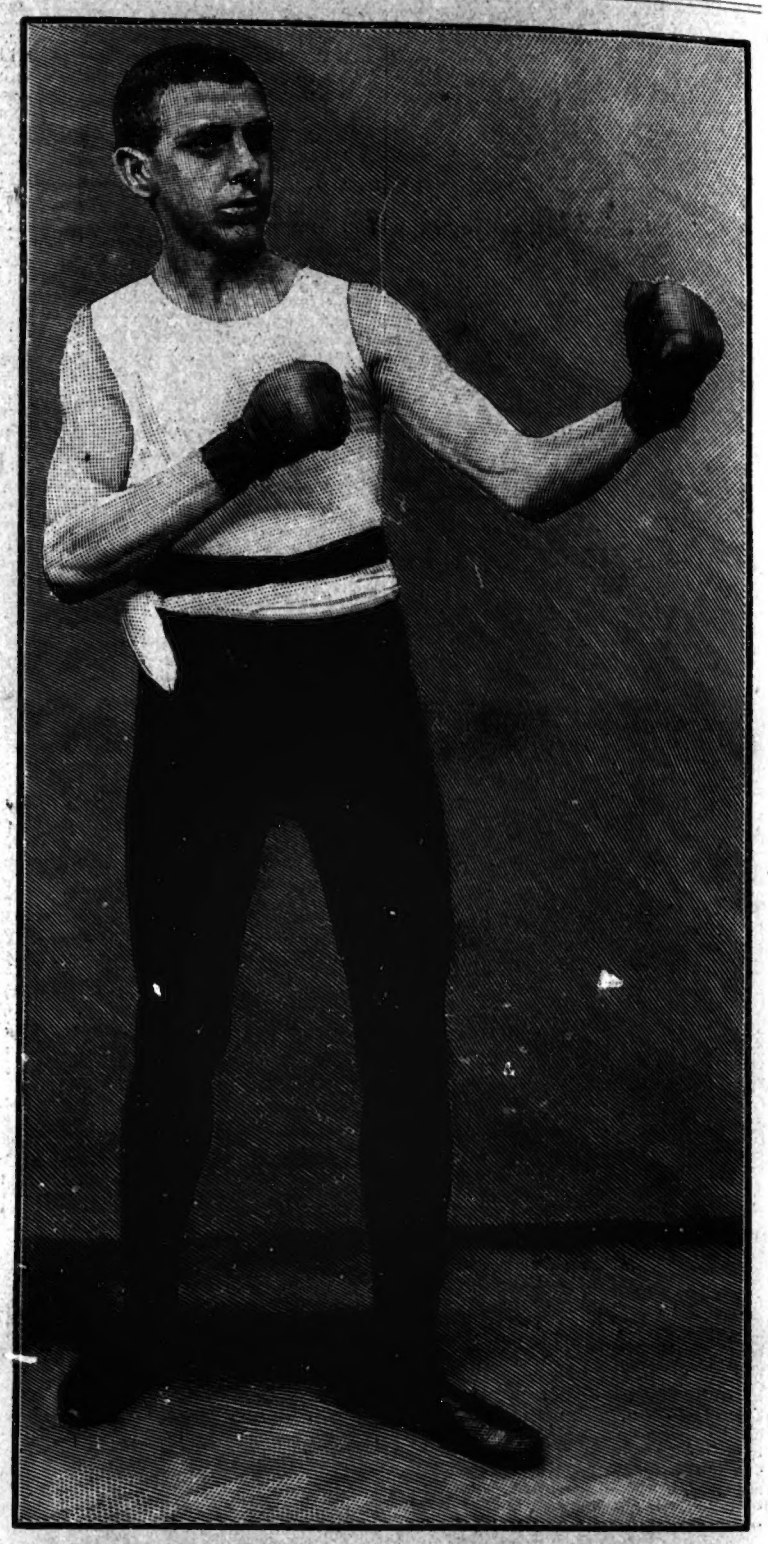
* * *

MR. J. BALL, jun., proved a winner in the Irish Amateur Golf Championship, held at the Dollymount Links, the other day.



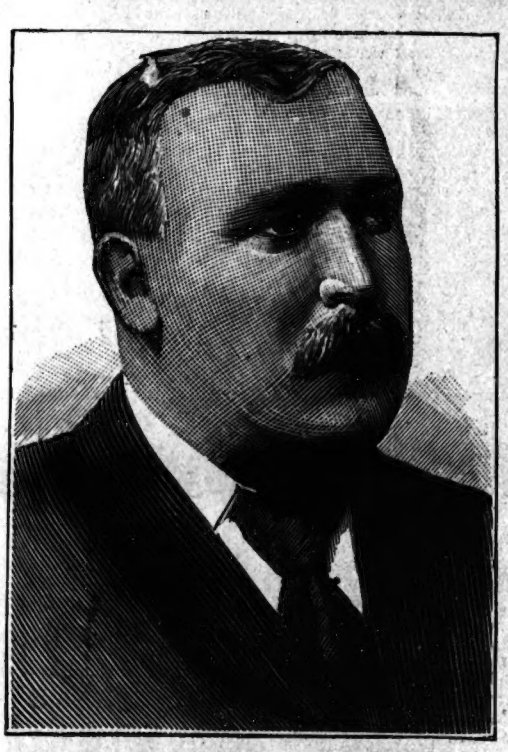
MR. A. TAIT, OF GLASGOW.

Amateur Champion Middle-Weight Boxer of Scotland.



LAWRENCE WALL.

A Lancashire Lad who is the Champion Amateur Boxer of Great Britain at 8st.



CHARLES MOOLES.

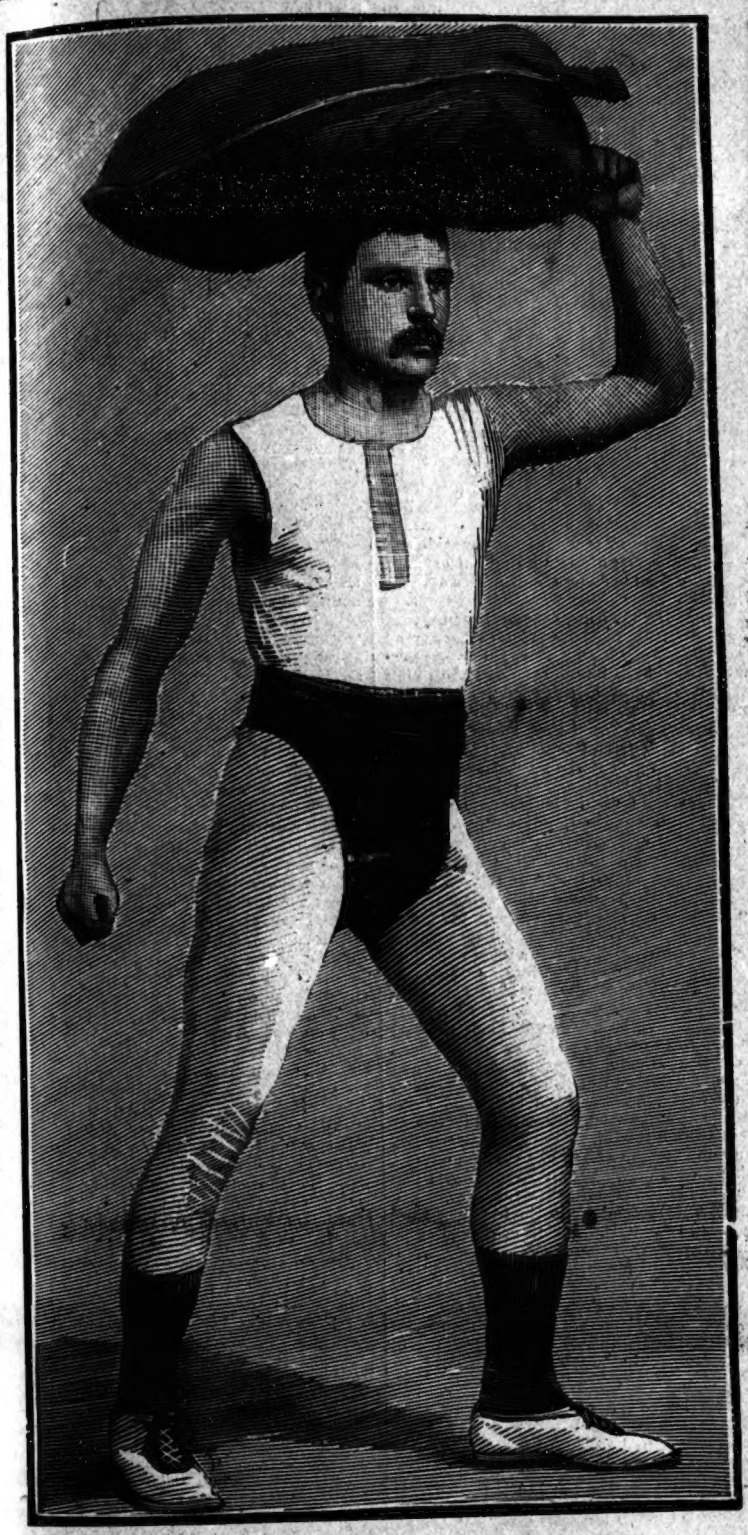
A Bristol Publican who is a Well-known and Popular Sporting Man.

LITTLE FLOSSIE.

The Most Talented Child Comedienne Now Before the Public.

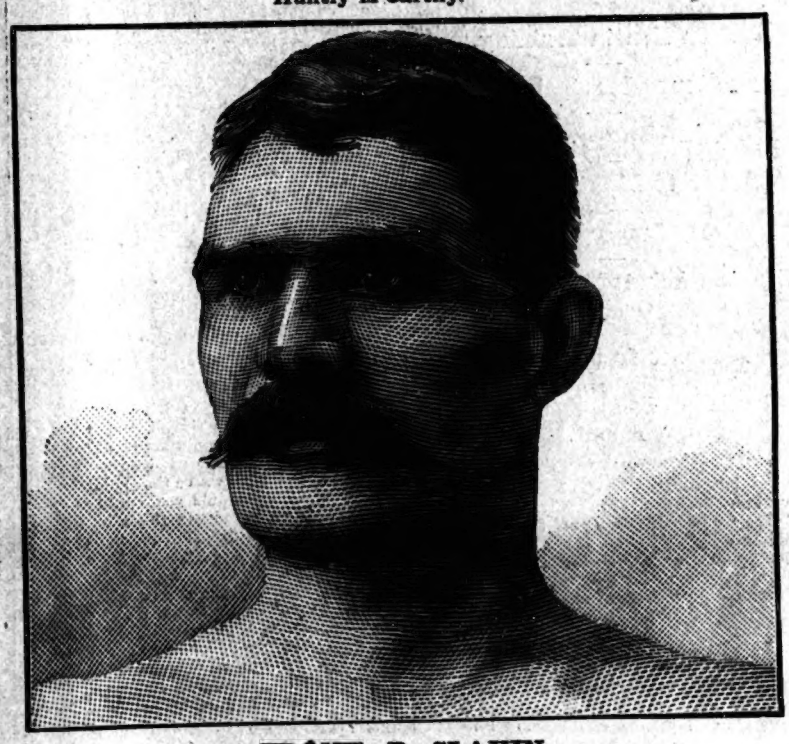
HENRI CAZMAN.

A Shadowgraphist and Prestidigitator at the Head of his Profession.

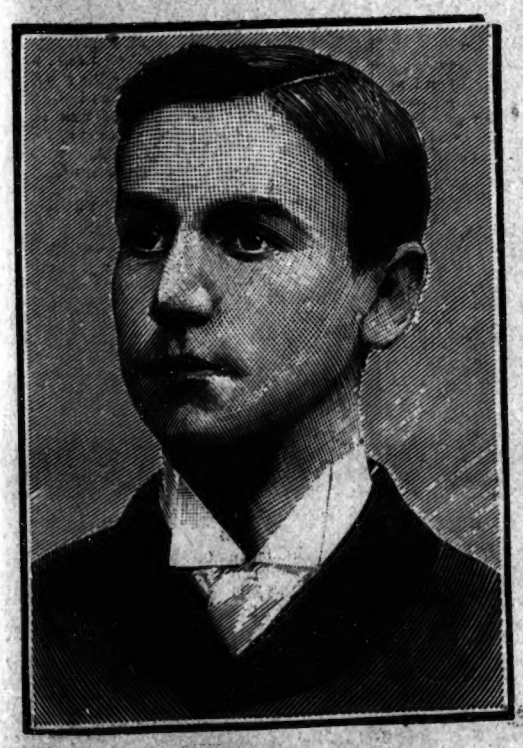


JEM BROWN, OF BILLINGSGATE.
Champion Weight-Carrying Pedestrian, who Challenges the World.

CISSIE LOFTUS.
The Clever Performer who was Recently Married to Mr. Justin Huntly M'Carthy.



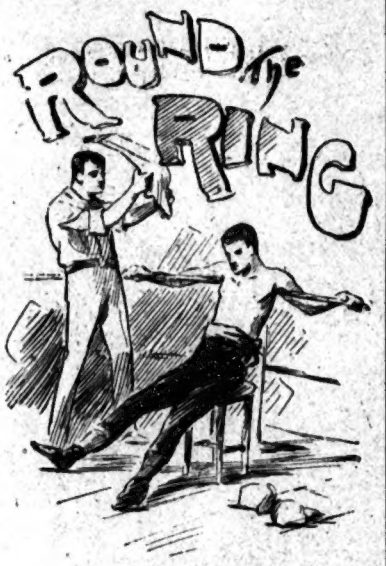
FRANK P. SLAVIN.
The Australian Heavy-Weight who Seeks a Battle with Peter Jackson.



HENRY NEWMAN.
A Clever Amateur Mile Runner who is Rapidly Moving into the Front Ranks.

JAMES FREDERICK EMMERSON.
An Efficient Theatrical Agent and Stage Manager.

ROBERT GEORGE HARDIE.
A Notting Hill Tonsorial Artist who can Boast of a Good Record at Rapid Shaving.



Craig v. O'Brien.

Middle Weights Matched to Fight October 8.

How the Match was made.

Meeting at the "Mirror of Life" Office.

Both Men in Training.

The Cooler and his trainer Butler.

Slavin—Unknown Fizzle.

Burge to Fight Pritchard.

A Lively Season Anticipated.

Stanton Abbott Robbed in New Orleans.

Bombast from Plimmer.

Gossip of Home and Foreign Talent.

He has arrived. Who? What! Don't you know? Why, Frank Craig, the dandy Coffee Cooler, the best of the American middle-weight division—he who can speak fluently in English, Spanish, French, and German, one of the best behaved and most unassuming pugilists of modern times.

* * *

If you notice a man of about 5ft 10in in height, well proportioned, with a bright eye, a dark skin, and displaying a set of teeth white as the driven snow, pass you on the thoroughfare, take a second look and you will be pretty certain in laying odds on that you have met Frank Craig. Full of good humour, rather boyish in his way, decidedly gentlemanly in his deportment, the famous Cooler landed at Tilbury from The Mohawk September 6, in company with Denny Butler, the expert swimmer and boxing instructor. The proceeded at once to THE MIRROR OF LIFE office, 108, Fleet Street, London, E.C., and, after a few hours' rest in our sanctum, the pair were conducted to the National Sporting Club to meet Mr. John Fleming.

* * *

The match was talked over, and finally Mr. Fleming suggested that the men should meet Saturday forenoon and mutually agree upon all details attendant upon the contest, and the club articles could then be signed. Speaking about himself the Cooler said: "I was born in New York City April 1, 187?, and when fourteen years of age I took to fighting just for fun. I lived in Yorkville, just above the city proper, and for a scope of five miles I was the boss of the gang. It was my duty to take on any boys from rival schools, and that I did to perfection; because I whipped any that dared me to fight, no matter if they weighed 20 or 30 pounds heavier than I did. The way we used to challenge each other was as follows:—'Say I heard of a lad in one of the public schools who prided himself on his fighting abilities, I would at once take a dozen of my pals and pay him a visit. I would make faces at him and say he was no good. That would make him fearful mad, and he would place a piece of wood on his shoulder and dare me to 'knock that chip off.' Well, I'd knock it off, and then we would start at each other and fight till one was whipped. For a little while I was accustomed to receive callers, but I whipped about a dozen of them, and then I had to do the calling on others so as to get a fight. Well, I've been welted and belted from the top of my head to the soles of my feet, but I never cried quit."

"When I was seventeen," continued Craig, "I graduated from High School and then went in for professional fighting. Whenever a man offered so much money for anybody to meet him I would take him on, and invariably brought back the money offered too. I know the New York sporting men have tried for the past four years to get me whipped, but they never succeeded. I generally let them appoint their own referee, who, of course, would favour the other man. I didn't care how much the referee favoured the other fellow, because I would knock him out, and the decision would have to come to me. How many battles have I fought? I should say close on 200 during the past four years; but that's nothing. I got well paid for most of them, and money is what we all are after. No, I didn't bar weight, because I knew nobody could do any more than whip me, and the only way they could accomplish that was to have hands harder than my head.

* * *

"Let me see," said Craig, "I'll have four weeks, hard work for one night of pleasure. How's that? Well, I'll train hard for four weeks, and the night I fight will be pleasure for me, because I am rather fond of fighting. I may get whipped, but it's fun just the same."

* * *

John O'Brien, in company with Thomas Welch and some friends, called at the office on Friday afternoon, but Craig being about sightseeing, he left to call on the following day. Mr. Welch is the backer and friend of O'Brien, and a right good sportsman he is too. He keeps the Merthyr and Aberdare public-house in Cardiff, and accompanied the Welsh champion just to have a look at the renowned Coffee Cooler and advise Johnny in case any dispute arose in arranging the preliminary details.

* * *

Promptly at 9 o'clock on Saturday morning the Coffee Cooler and his friend Denny Butler put in an appearance at THE MIRROR OF LIFE office, and a few moments later Johnny O'Brien, with Mr. Welch and another friend, and the party soon got to business.

"You're a big man," said the Cooler to O'Brien, "but I guess I will fight you though."

"There is not much difference in size," responded O'Brien, "only I'm 2st over weight, and you are in good condition; but we can match at 11st 4lb, give or take 2lb."

"I give nothing away," said Craig; "but settle it all with Mr. Butler, I'll do what he wants me to."

Mr. Butler and Mr. Welch had a lengthy argument about weighing in; the visitor suggested the men should weigh at the ring side at 11st 4lb, but was eventually compelled to consent to waive that point, and it was decided they should scale not to exceed 11st 4lb at two o'clock on the afternoon of the day of the fight. All details being arranged, they left THE MIRROR OF LIFE office and called on Mr. Fleming at the National Sporting Club, where both men attached their names to the articles, which provide for a twenty-round contest on Monday, October 8, for a purse of £150, each side posting a forfeit of £25 as a guarantee that they shall come within the prescribed weight limit.

* * *

O'Brien and his friends took the noon train for Cardiff, and he will start training on Monday at a place convenient to that town. Craig and Butler have gone a few miles out of London in a quiet spot to undergo preparations.

* * *

Speculation has already begun on the international middle-weight contest, which gives promise of being one of the most interesting matches ever decided in the kingdom. The meeting between the men was of a most pleasant nature, and as Craig remarked, "If I whip you I'll buy you a bottle of champagne, and if you should whip me you can buy the bottle; but in any event you must drink the wine, because I never touch any intoxicating liquor."

* * *

The proposed fight between Frank P. Slavin and Pony Moore's unknown has terminated in a farce. All parties concerned were given the benefit of considerable advertising, and judging from all appearances, that was about all they were in search of. Articles were drafted and signed by Pony Moore, who covered Slavin's £1,000 forfeit, but Frank turned up to say that his backer preferred to wait for a match with Peter Jackson. We presume Slavin is not looking for an easy job, but would prefer a tough customer like the black fellow.

* * *

In a twenty-foot ring a good little man can resort to running tactics, and give a good big 'un a lot of trouble for a limited number of rounds. Dick Burge is fully aware of this fact, and that no doubt was what prompted him to seek a boxing contest with Ted Pritchard. Again, were he to be beaten by a man of his own stamp, it would practically wind up his ring career, whilst a reverse at the hands of a much bigger man would not lose for him a great deal of prestige, whilst a stand off would enhance his reputation considerably. He has therefore signed articles to box Ted Pritchard ten rounds in public for £200 a-side and the gate receipts. The agreement restricts Pritchard to 11st 6lb on entering the ring, with Burge to enter at catch weight. The men will use four-ounce gloves, and consent to conform strictly in accordance with the Marquis of Queensberry rules. Monday, November 26, is the day set for the contest, which will be decided either in London or Newcastle-on-Tyne.

* * *

The New Orleans *Truth* speaks as follows of the recent fight between Stanton Abbott and Jack Everhardt: "Last night the referee announced that Everhardt had won the fight in twenty-five rounds, but the referee's opinion stands practically alone. About 3,00 of the 4,000 people who witnessed the mill agree that Abbott won the fight in the twelfth round. Every man with half an opinion for fairness decided upon that. Those 3,900 men stood up and clamoured for the police to arrest Everhardt. They cried, 'Shoot the dog!' 'Lynch him!' They yelled 'Foul!' they appealed to the referee to knock Everhardt down; they did everything but climb into the ring and mob the local fighter.

"Capt. Barret stood at the ringside and witnessed a case of assault and battery, and though called upon by the crowd to stop the fight, he did not raise a finger except to interfere with Abbott's seconds because they dared to protest. Referee Gearhart stood there like a wooden man. He allowed Everhardt to commit foul upon foul and did not make a move. This happened in the twelfth round. Up to this the fight had been level, and Everhardt was rather admired for the good battle he was putting up. The round had hardly opened when Everhardt rushed Abbott to the ropes, and pinning him there by the weight of his body and one hand, used the other hand, punishing Stanton about the neck. At this the Englishman broke out and appealed to the referee, but that worthy paid no attention to him.

"Everhardt rushed at Stanton, who held both hands up, insisting upon the foul, and making no effort to defend himself. While the man's hands were up the bulldog rushed and planted his right and left on the back of Abbott's head and neck; he did not face the man, but crouched and sprang behind him. Finding he could not bring Abbott down by blows—for the Englishman did not make a pretence of defence while he claimed the foul—Everhardt sprang upon the man like a wild beast from the back and bore him to the ground, throwing his entire weight upon the lad. On arising, Everhardt sank one knee in Abbott's stomach and the other in his neck. A referee who could not see this should go out of the business. This was Mr. Referee's time to do his duty, and he failed miserably. Abbott arose while the alleged referee counted the seconds, still Abbott would put up no fight, appealing from the referee to his seconds, and the animal from Carrollton went along with his assault and battery, punishing a man who had both hands up. Still no blow could bring Stanton to the ground."

* * *

The climate in the United States appears to be congenial to those who are inclined to be bombastic in their utterances, particularly after a visit to this country. When we knew Billy Plimmer a few years back we considered that he was a quiet and unassuming lad. He went to the States and placed himself under the management of Charley Norton, the veteran clever light weight. Winning a few battles, and getting a decision over George Dixon, evidently didn't decrease the size of his head any, because on coming here this year he was extravagant in his demands for purse money. He has gone back to New York City, and had hardly set his feet upon land ere he gave utterance to the following:—

"I am prepared to fight Dixon at 8st 3lb, weigh in at the ringside. This seemed to suit O'Rourke when we tried to arrange a match before I sailed away. I don't intend to waive any more weight to him. It would be mere folly. If he wants me to go higher I might as well give him the battle.

"I must get on a match in short order, for I don't intend to go on the road this season with my show. One fight, that is if you win, is better than a whole season on the road. I am ready to try matters with anybody in the world from 7st 12lb to 8st 3lb for as much money as they choose to bet.

"Just think of it! They were all afraid in England to give me a fight. Say, that fellow Willie Smith, who professes to be a fighter, is nothing more than a coward. He deliberately flunked when I asked him to make a match with me. I was willing to concede weight. I will meet Charley Kelly if he can get the price."

They were not afraid of Plimmer in England, and Willie Smith didn't display cowardice either. Plimmer came here after the boxing season closed, and expected to jump into a match to his own ideas and a big purse, but he found it would be impossible to obtain what he anticipated until the autumn, and on the eve of the boxing season he quitted the country and went to the land of bombast.

During his visit here he was kindly treated by everybody, and it would have displayed much better judgment for him to have spoken in a more friendly strain of the pugilists in the country he was reared in. It is hardly possible the Birmingham sports will sanction the talk he has made, and but little more of it will be the means of turning a cold shoulder to Plimmer the next time he pays a visit to his native heath.

* * *

Arthur Callan, of Wood Green, is in training in France for his forthcoming prize ring encounter with Jack Gover, of Edmonton. They are to mill on a private estate for the edification of a few gentlemen who are to give a purse of 100 guineas, of which the winner takes 80 and the loser 20. Callan paid a visit to the MIRROR OF LIFE office on the eve of his departure, and, talking of the encounter, he said: "I am well pleased I have got the job on, because this time I anticipate a certain victory. Gover is the gamest man I ever faced in the ring, and it means giving him a lot of beating before a man can make him stop. In our last battle he took an awful lot of punishment, and I'm satisfied a few more rounds would have returned me a winner. I'm out for the 80 guineas, and, bar accident, I'll get it too. On my return to England I'll be prepared to take on any man in the world at 9st 6lb for a suitable stake."

* * *

The New York papers, in their accounts of the Griffo-M'Auliffe bout, all agree that the Australian had the better of it, and was simply robbed of the decision.

The comment of the *World* is as follows: "It was conceded by every fair-minded sporting man present that the contest, taken all the way through, was at a very low estimate, 5 to 1 in Griffo's favour. The spectators were simply amazed at the decision, and Maxey Moore established an international reputation for himself as being the most unfair referee that ever set foot in a ring. The decision was anything but a victory for M'Auliffe, and when he left the stage the groans which came from all parts of the house drowned his few enthusiastic followers. Moore will never be called upon again to referee an important fight, for, unless his knowledge of the game is very small, he was blind to the magnificent work which Griffo did from the start to finish. A blind man almost could have rendered a better decision. How on earth Mr. Moore could figure on his counting machine that M'Auliffe was entitled to the decision nobody knows. He certainly must have had three or four machines scoring M'Auliffe's scientific points and one for the other fellow."

The *Recorder* said: "An enthusiastic crowd saw Griffo fairly outpoint and squarely defeat Jack M'Auliffe, America's light-weight champion, in a ten-round bout with the gloves; and they also saw the victor deprived of his laurels for some reason unknown and unascertainable."

* * *

Jimmy Carroll, the pugilist, ex-champion light-weight of the United States and England, is very seriously ill at his club room, in the city of Mexico, of congestion of the brain. The physicians think his illness is due to a severe blow on the ear delivered by Andy Bowen in the recent fight at the Auditorium Club in New Orleans.

* * *

When Charles Beadling, of Windy Nook, and James Lewis, of Newcastle, entered the ring at Ginnett's Circus, Newcastle, September 3, to decide the ownership of £50 the spectators anticipated a prolonged encounter, and considerable money was wagered in consequence. They were to box twenty rounds, and were restricted to 9st in weight. Lewis turned up over weight, and was compelled to forfeit £5 to Beadling in consequence. When time was called for the first round the usual slight spell of sparring took place, and then Lewis led off lightly with the left. Beadling smartly replied, and a tap by Lewis was followed by Beadling rushing in. Lewis was on the alert, and got on a point. Beadling rushed and scored with both hands. Another short interval of finessing ensued, and then Beadling feinted a lead off, sending out his left. He was a long way short. Lewis came forward, but Beadling was on the *qui vive*, and bringing into use his left caught Lewis with a half upper-cut on the jaw, and the Newcastle man dropped like a stone. He made several attempts to rise, but was completely beaten and was counted out. The victory of Beadling was most popular.

* * *

Anthony Diamond, the ex-champion amateur boxer, who a few years back stood at the top of the 10st division, would like to arrange a fight with Dick Burge for a suitable stake and an added purse. If the Birmingham man recovers his old form he will make it decidedly interesting for the Newcastle man at 10st for twenty rounds.

* * *

As an inducement for patrons of the manly art to attend the Lambeth School of Arms, September 1, three eight-round contests were brought to a decision. Fred Robinson, of Wandsworth, and D. Waller, of Earlsfield, were the first couple to face each other, and a lively bout it proved to be. Robinson's superior weight induced him to assume the aggressive, and he made matters decidedly uncomfortable for Waller, who was knocked down in the fifth round and not able to continue. Joe Smallwood, of Lambeth, and Alf Jones, of Bermondsey, were an evenly-matched couple, and indulged in spirited work but six rounds. Jones, how-

ever, proved proficient at upper-cutting, and as Smallwood didn't relish the gruel he was receiving he turned the job up. Spider Callam and Fred M'Calla boxed through the eight rounds, and it was not until the latter portion of the battle that Callam secured an advantage sufficient to entitle him to the verdict.

* * *

On September 4, at the same place, George Swanney, the well-known trainer of pugilists, was the recipient of a benefit. Pedlar Palmer outboxed Dick Edwards in six two-minute rounds, and Bill Corbett got the upper hand of Darkey Barton in a four-round go.

* * *

Harry Williams, of Hatcham, and George Stanton disputed honours in a twelve-round mill at Bermondsey, September 1, and though both proved to be quite useful in the ring, Williams had the most effective delivery, which convinced the judge he was the best of the two at the end of the contest.

* * *

Dummy Winters, the Australian, met his master in Ginger Stewart, of Battersea, at the Lambeth School of Arms, September 3. The money in abeyance amounted to £45. Both seemed evenly matched, but Stewart was rather slow at the start, and Dummy, taking on rushing tactics, set about his man at once, landing his left on the side of the head. Stewart slipped away, and tried for the body, but was short, and Dummy got home on the ribs and shoulder. Coming up for the second round, Winters was again first, getting a hot 'un on the face with the right, but Stewart returned the compliment with interest on the ribs, bursting a boil on Dummy's left side, which bled freely. Winters fell, but was up again in a tick, and the exchanges which followed were warm. In the third round Dummy again tried the rushing game, but was steadied by Stewart, who had much the best of the round. Stewart was the most active of the pair, when Dummy rushed at him and delivered a blow that ought to have told it was out of distance, Stewart being away. In the seventh round Dummy forced the work, and for a minute more than held his own, but Stewart then woke up, and had all the best of the finish. This advantage he followed up in the eighth round, and now setting about his man in earnest made it so warm that Dummy held out his hand in token of defeat, and Ginger was hailed the winner.

* * *

A 6st 10lb competition was boxed to a decision at Brennan's Athletic Institute, Plaistow, September 1. F. Plant and Ray England, Canning Town lads, contested the final in a lively fashion. Plant, displaying the superior science, was given the verdict.

* * *

Two eight-round contests were decided at Birmingham the other night for small purses. Jabez White was beaten by G. Edge in the first, whilst W. Bert secured the verdict over H. Stevens in the second.

* * *

W. Curley, the clever Newcastle pugilist, is well pleased with the manner in which Jumper Howe trained him for his recent battle. He will retain Howe's services as a trainer for all future contests.

* * *

On September 15 Ted Napper will promote a boxing entertainment at the Victory, Eastfield Street, Stepney. He promises a good programme for his patrons. Among the events set down to be decided will include an eight-round contest between Jack Barrett, of Mile End, and Harry Riley, of Mile End, and a 7st 6lb competition, open to all, for a silver cup.

* * *

Jim Hall, the pugilist who defeated Frank Slavin and Ted Pritchard here, came near losing his life in a bar-room fight at Louisville, Kentucky, the other night. Bob Gray, a publican, and Hall were out on a spree, and the former was very drunk. Drinks were coming pretty fast, and Gray was settling for them. Hall made a remark about Gray that irritated the Kentuckian, who, without a moment's warning, drew a revolver and fired five shots at the Australian. None of the shots took effect, but it was a close call for the tall boxer.

* * *

A. Green, of Finsbury, and H. Ware, of Mile End, essayed to box the best of six rounds, at the Blue Anchor, Shoreditch, September 1, but Green made it so uncomfortable for his opponent that in the third round Ware held out his hand as a signal that he had received quite enough gruel for one evening.

* * *

Ted Nappee, son of the late light-weight champion, conducted his first entertainment at the Victory, Stepney, September 1, when Fred Stout, of Mile End, and A. Samson, of Bow, were pitted together to box eight rounds. Stout proved himself to be a sturdy chap, and after landing some heavy blows he brought Sampson to grief with a right-hander on the jaw in the fourth round.

* * *

There is a letter lying at The Mirror of Life office for Pony Moore, and one for J. L. McCusker, champion American swimmer.

Mr. Will Hulse, of the Dog and Bear, Nottingham, has been requested to act as bottle-holder to Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, when he meets John O'Brien. Mr. Hulse is recognised in the States as one of the soundest and fairest of English sportsmen, and the Cooler, previous to sailing, was advised to place himself in communication with the veteran Nottingham sport.

* * *

Billy Plimmer, of Birmingham, has been matched to fight Johnny Murphy, of Boston, U.S.A., to a finish for £500 a-side. The men are to fight at 8st 3lb, weigh at the ring side, and if no club in the States offers a suitable purse, then the men will fight with skin-tight gloves in private near New York City. Plimmer should win the fight in half a dozen rounds, and come out of the ring unscathed, because Murphy is no class fighter, having been easily defeated by George Dixon five years ago. He is a pretty sparrer and game enough, but his deliveries in a fight are painfully slow and ineffective. With skin gloves on his paws he will be all at sea, and know not what to do with his hands. It is hardly possible any club will be hoodwinked into giving a purse for such an unevenly-mated couple.

* * *

Courtney Veal proved to be easy "pie" for George Gust in a six-round bout at the Bermondsey School of Arms, September 1. Veal bobbed about to evade the rushes of Gust, but to no avail, and wound up in round six well whipped out.

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In a six-round contest at Peckham, September 3, Fred Baker disposed of Tom Harding in a six-round contest with four-ounce gloves.

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The opening entertainment of the Camden Gymnasium, Walthamstow, occurred September 3, when in a six-round contest H. Edwards made a determined stand against Ginger Brompton and took a lot of beating. In the fifth round he received some heavy body blows, and though he desired to go through the final round, his seconds wisely gave in. Ted Ware and Tom Ireland fought for a £10 purse. For the first five rounds Ireland appeared to be well in front, but in round six Ware settled down to business and landed a blow on the chin. Ireland dropped, and it took him seven seconds to get up again. The four succeeding rounds were very much in favour of Ware, who was declared the winner.

* * *

Dick Burge and Jem Mace contemplate a visit to South Africa early in December for the purpose of giving a series of exhibitions.

* * *

William Rees and Thomas Shaw fought for a stake of £10 on September 5 on the hillside at Ystrad, South Wales. There were about thirty persons present. Shaw, who was the favourite, had the best of the match during the first ten minutes, but became excited and struck out wildly, thereby missing his man. Rees, who maintained a cool action throughout, now fought with determination and advantage. Shaw refused to give in until thirty-six minutes' pounding by Rees had rendered his features quite unrecognisable. Rees was, therefore, declared the winner, having fought ninety rounds in forty-six minutes.

* * *

Jack E. Dempsey, ex-champion middleweight pugilist, and Billy McCarthy, the Australian, fought twenty rounds in New Orleans, September 5, for a purse of 5,000 dollars. Dempsey is a physical wreck, and relies entirely upon his generalship to wade through the stipulated number of rounds. McCarthy was a good man in his day, but that day passed by many years ago, because he is well advanced in years. The display was a scientific one throughout, but neither secured a lead sufficient to warrant a winner being decided, and at the end the referee ordered the battle a draw.

* * *

Ed. Smith, of Denver, Colorado, the man who has been challenging the heavy-weights to a prize-ring encounter for £1,000 a-side, is matched to fight Ed. Farrell in the United States, in four weeks' time, with small gloves, to a finish for 5,000 dollars a-side.

* * *

James Kavenney, of Boston, wants to come here and fight George Corfield, of Sheffield, at 7st 12lb, for a small stake and the gate receipts. Kavenney defeated Charley Kelly, of New York, some time ago, but in a second meeting Kelly made short work of Kavenney.

* * *

Johnny Martin, an American light-weight pugilist, is visiting friends at Birmingham. He is being piloted about by Jack Varley.

* * *

Advices from Wellington, India, are to the effect that Private Lyons, of the Welsh Regiment, and Gunner Jones engaged in a prize fight the middle of August, to decide who was the better man. The British soldiers turned out in full force and witnessed a struggle in which both contestants displayed the utmost courage. Seventeen rounds were gone through when friends interfered, and a draw was declared.

Four contests of eight rounds each framed a programme for Tom Symond's special show at the Blue Anchor, Shoreditch, September 6. Steve Smith, of West Green, whose portrait appeared in last week's issue of The Mirror of Life, took on Alf Golden, of Hoxton. In the second round the last-named, being much heavier than his opponent, rushed in and bore Smith to the ropes. The latter then met him well, and never being disconcerted had none the worst of the deal at the close. Golding tried forcing tactics in the third round, and got in several hot ones, but boxed wildly, and Smith keeping cool reached the head and body sharply several times. Again, in the fourth round, Golden was first at work, but as he tired Smith went for him, and smashing in the left on the body had the big 'un weak. As Golden faltered Smith went in and dropped both hands on the head, toppling his man over at the ring side. Golden rose, but was forced down again and counted out, Smith's plucky and clever show against odds being loudly applauded. The advantage F. Archer had over Ginger Elliott in weight and height was sufficient to enable him to secure a lead which he held throughout, and was given the verdict. The third couple to contend were Tom Harris, of Spitalfields, and Ted Ware, of Mile End. The latter done some excellent fighting in the opening rounds, but Harris had too much science to allow himself to be caught napping, and managed to get in the lead. He dealt out some heavy punishment in the fourth round. In the next Ware went in bravely and fought fast, but although he made a very good show he had the worst of it at the end. Harris gave Ware no rest in the sixth round, the latter being considerably damaged at the end. Ware stood to his guns all through the seventh bout, but had no chance. They went at a fast pace all through the last round, but Harris had the best of the deal and won easily. The last battle was short and sweet. Tom Ireland, of Stepney, had no sooner faced Morris Phillips than he rushed boldly in with both hands, landing heavily about the head. Phillips couldn't see the policy of accepting a beating, and gracefully retired.

* * *

Jem Burge, the Cast Iron Man, has left Sydney, N.S.W., for South Africa, where he anticipates engaging in several fights with local celebrities below ten stone.

* * *

A gentleman writing from Nantymoel asks: "Who is the heavy-weight champion of the world, and is there a trophy emblematic of same?" We should say that James J. Corbett would figure as the recognised champion of America, whilst Peter Jackson is the champion of England and Australasia. A match between the two would produce a world's champion. Corbett defeated John L. Sullivan when the Boston man was a physical wreck, and had practically lost all his fistic form. Directly after that fight "Gentleman Jack" laid siege to the title as world's champion, but he is no more entitled to recognition as such than Jackson. John L. Sullivan was never looked upon as a world's champion, though he claimed to have won it by defeating Jake Kilrain. The latter only made a draw with Jem Smith, whilst Peter Jackson defeated Smith. The black fellow has by far the best Ring record of the two, and, besides, he lowered the colours of Frank Slavin when the Australian was at his best.

* * *

Jumper Howe, of Gateshead, and Charley Beadling, a fellow townsman, have signed articles to box the best of twenty rounds, at 9st 2lb, in a 15ft ring, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, October 26, for £50 a-side.

* * *

Bill Lee's gymnasium at Bermondsey, September 8, was well attended, and good sport was the result. Harry Ashley and Jem Colley were to box eight rounds, but the former went at his man in such a determined fashion that Colley turned up the job in the first round. The final of a 6st 6lb competition was contested between Patsy Welch and Mike Power. The former, by clever work and hard hitting, secured the verdict. Bill Shuller and Joe Cotter boxed six rounds, the verdict going to Shuller.

* * *

Two contests were decided at the Camden Gymnasium, Walthamstow, September 8. In one of eight rounds Harry Wood, of Bethnal Green, faced Woolf Abrahams, of Mile End. Woolf made a good stand for four rounds, when too much gruel came his way to suit his ideas. In the fifth round he gracefully retired in favour of Wood. In a six-round contest H. Hutchings was knocked out by G. Patmore in the fourth round, after doing some excellent two-hand fighting.

* * *

A correspondent, writing from Liverpool, says: "The fight here between Young Moran and Young Wallace for a purse was decided September 6, and proved to be a battle of short duration. Moran was seen at his very best, and placed the verdict to his credit. He was seconded by T. Bell and J. White, while T. O'Connelly and J. Garritty looked after Wallace. Mr. Leather was referee, and Captain White timekeeper. At the call of time for the first round, Moran planted in a hot left-hander on the nose, causing the blood to flow freely. He followed this up with a heavy hit on the jaw, evading a return. An exchange followed, Wallace getting home on Moran's neck. The latter, however, returned the compliment, with interest, on the head and throat just as time was called. Wallace was unable to continue because of a broken right arm. Upon examination it was seen that the limb was fractured just above the wrist. Moran was challenged by T. Wallace, of Warrington, and the pair will come together shortly. They met on a previous occasion in an eight-round bout, when Moran got the decision.

* * *

Tom Burrows, the Australian all-round athlete, located at Aldershot, is prepared to meet any man in England in an endurance club swinging match for £25 or £50 a-side.

* * *

Billy Plimmer seeks a six-round glove contest with Young Griffo, to occur in or near New York for the gate receipts.

* * *

The Sioux City Athletic Club has posted two certified cheques for 2,500dols. each with the *New York World* to be given to Jackson and Corbett as expense money when they sign articles to box to a finish for the Sioux City Club's purse of 25,000dols.

* * *

Corbett is evidently making a play to get the 2,500dols., because he has already attached his signature to the Sioux City Athletic Club's articles, and expresses a desire that the battle shall occur between May 15 and June 15, 1895.

* * *

Young Ted Napper conducted an interesting entertainment at The Victory, Eastfield Street, Stepney, September 8. There was a large crowd present, and the bouts in each instance were of a spirited character. After two exhibition set-tos of three rounds each W. Lawless and Young Mannakee, Stepney lads contested the final bout of a 6st 10lb competition. The last-named was looked upon as a sure winner because of his good show in the trial bouts, but when 1min 45secs time of the first round had expired he received a blow on the head, and laid down till counted out. Lawless was declared the winner to all present, and it was evident Mannaker quit, and displayed cowardice of the most pronounced kind. Nimble White and J. Connelly faced each other for an eight-round battle. White proved to be a nimble customer with his hands and feet, and by a persistent use of his left he jobbed Connelly all over the ring, finally knocking him out of time in the fourth round by a well-directed stomach blow.

Next Saturday evening, at the same place, there will be two six-round battles, a 7st 10lb competition, and a four-round set-to between Harry Paul and Tiney Bishop.

HENRY NEWMAN.

A Clever Amateur Mile Runner who is Rapidly Moving into the Front Ranks.

(*With Portrait.*)

We publish in this issue a portrait of Henry Newman, who was born in Hampshire twenty years ago, but is now a resident of London. He figured successfully in the mile run at the Wood Green and West Ham Hospital Sports recently. Newman gives promise of becoming a first class amateur runner.

LYNCH LAW IN TENNESSEE.

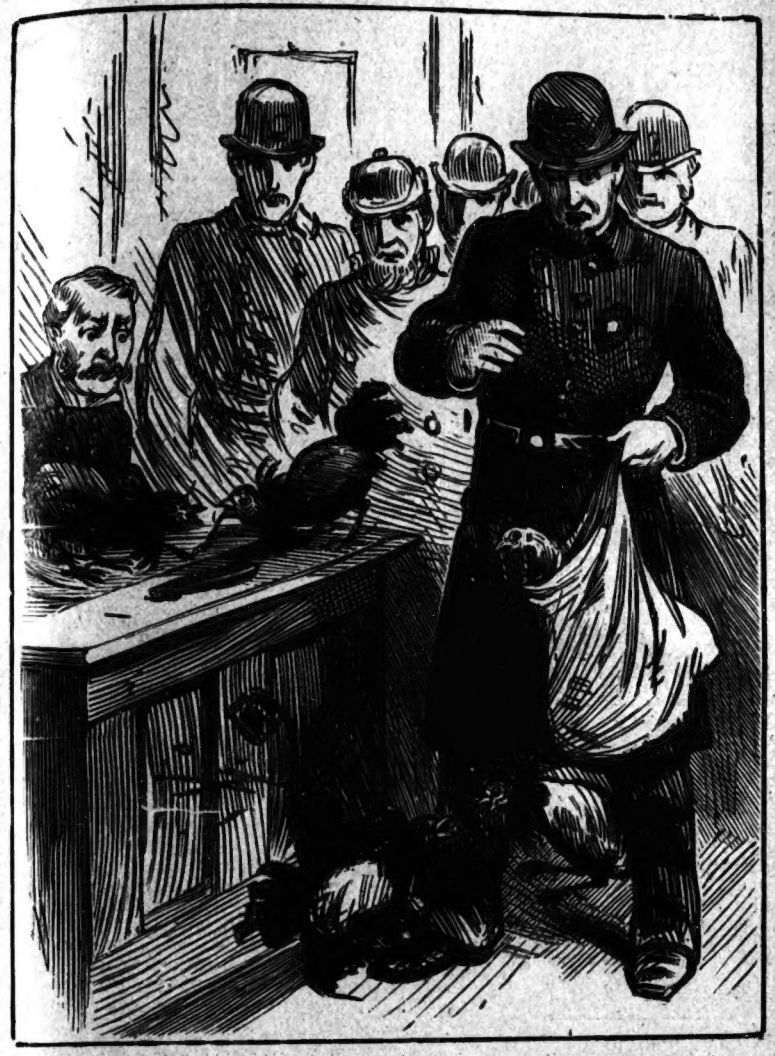
A revolting case of mob law, evidently the result of a carefully-planned plot, is reported from Shelby County, Tennessee. On August 31 an officer in the district arrested six negroes who had been caught setting fire to a number of barns and dwelling-houses. After the prisoners had been handcuffed and chained together they were placed in a waggon, which started for the gaol at Millington accompanied by the officer and one driver. By nightfall it had reached a creek two miles from Millington, and the officer was about to lead the horse across the bridge when a voice rang out from the woods by the roadside, "Don't try to cross there. The bridge is down. Come this way." The officer unsuspectingly turned the horse's head in the direction from which the voice came. Hardly had he done so when two guns were presented point blank at him, and a voice exclaimed, "Throw up your hands." He had no choice but to obey, and watch was placed over him. A large crowd of armed men then marched from the woods and rapidly approached the waggon. Their angry threats soon reached the ears of the wretched negroes, and the latter, divining their purpose, attempted to leap from the cart and make their escape under cover of night. A volley from forty or fifty guns was poured into them, and they all fell back into the waggon wounded and dying. A dozen men then climbed on to the wheels and shafts and threw the negroes out upon the ground. Volley after volley was aimed at them, and the mob did not cease firing even when all the six had been killed. The head of one of the negroes was almost shot from his body, and some of the others were terribly mangled. The mob afterwards rode away. They were all unmasked, but none of them were known to the officer by sight. The authorities have organised an active search for the lynchers.

LIQUOR SOLD AT A PREMIUM.

Bathers on the South Coast of Wales have No Occasion to go Dry.

BANK NOTES FOR CRIMPERS.

A Pair of Brainless Mashers Find an Easy Method of Wasting Money.



COCK FIGHT IN A COURT ROOM.
His Worship had no Objections to Witnessing a Turn-up.

MISS ANNIE OAKLEY.
Champion Female Rifle Shot of the World.

OBJECTED TO FREE ADVERTISING.
The Stage Celebrities who Drew the Line on their Portraits being Displayed in a Tap-room.

THEY SAY

— That a contemporary devoted to the interest of the Music Hall profession has commenced an attack against agents. Doubtless there may be, in some instances, cause for complaint, but we are of opinion that the paper in question has undertaken a rather large contract. Could not the agents combine into a sort of Trade Protection Society, and buy a page of a paper for twelve months?

* * *

— That a Leicester paper devoted to sport is responsible for the following proposed Cabinet for the next Parliament:—

Prime Minister ...	Mr. Daniel Leno
Lord High Chancellor	Mr. George Thorne
Secretary of State, War Dept.... ...	Mr. Frank Slavin
Secretary of State, Home Dept. ...	M. Deibler
Secretary of State, Colonial Dept. ...	Mr. Lipton
Secretary of State, Foreign Dept. ...	Mr. Keir Hardie
Chancellor of the Exchequer	Mr. Dick Dunn
Lord President of Council	Little Tich
Chief Secretary for Ireland	The Two Macs
Secretary for Scotland	The MacNab
First Lord of the Admiralty	Mr. Tom Woottwell
President of the Board of Trade	Mr. Oscar Wilde
President Local Government Board ...	Mr. R. G. Knowles
Referee	Mr. J. Parsons

* * *

— That a fashionable craze amongst "pros" at present seems to be going into business—notably that connected with the sale of liquors. The two latest to embark thus are Miss Jenny Hill, in conjunction with Mr. Nelson Francis, and Mr. Arthur Forest.

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— That most playgoers will regret the death of Mr. George Barrett, brother of Mr. Wilson Barrett, who died recently in London. He was only ill about six days, and had been married but nine weeks. The cause of death was meningitis.

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— That M. Henry de Freece has been refused a licence for the Grand Theatre, Liverpool, notwithstanding the fact that the house would be run on temperance principles.

* * *

— That celebrated sketch trio Brown, Newland, and Leclerq are shortly to dissolve partnership in the person of Mr. Ben Brown. Strange to say, his place will be filled by another Brown from America.

* * *

— That Loris, the champion shot, has been highly complimented at the Crystal Palace for his excellent performances with the bullet and dagger-proof cuirass.

* * *

— That Miss Jenny Valmore contemplates going to America on October 14 to fill a season's engagement there.

* * *

— That Luscombe Searelle, the world-renowned manager and proprietor of South African fame, will send out his No. 10 company in October. The following artistes are engaged: Marion Grahame, the Cosman couple, Prof. Mart, Sisters Dunloe, Mr. Dalton, and Madame Duvalli.

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— That a good deal of interest attaches to the action which has been commenced by Lady Mansel against the lessee of the Park Palace Music Hall, Liverpool, for the legal point raised is one that affects all music-hall artistes, inasmuch as it has reference to the manner in which their names are described on the bills. Lady Mansel is the popular serio-comic who, before she entered the bonds of matrimony, performed under the name of "Lily Ernest." Her speciality is a skipping-rope dance, and she is in great request for provincial pantomimes. She married in 1891 the late Sir Richard Mansel, and after his death she appeared in the Probate Court as one of the plaintiffs in a case arising out of Sir Richard's will, which gave all the testator's personal estate, amounting to about three hundred pounds, to Lady Mansel, and his real estate, the amount of which was not then known, to trustees to hand over two-thirds to Lady Mansel and the remaining one-third to Sir Richard's son by a previous marriage. The real object in contesting the will was as to the guardianship of the child, now Sir Courtenay Mansel, and an undertaking having been given by Mr. Nye, the co-plaintiff, that he would not act as guardian, the will was pronounced to be valid. The estate which Sir Richard Mansel inherited in 1875 produced something like six thousand pounds a year, but before his death he was reduced to bankruptcy.

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— That the death is announced at Llangyniew, Wales, of Evan Baines, a respected inhabitant, at the patriarchal age of 106. He has always lived in the same district, and the church register contains entry of his birth in 1788.

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— That a very busy time is expected at the Derby November Meeting. The Prince of Wales is to be the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, at Chatsworth, from November 13 to 17, for the Races, and during his stay there will be a battue in the well-stocked preserves in and around the park.

* * *

— That most of our leading singers and actresses, although their *nom de théatre* is Miss This and Miss That, are married ladies. Miss Ellen Terry is Mrs. C. Wardell, Miss Nelly Farren is Mrs. R. Soutar, Miss Julia Neilson is Mrs. F. Terry, Miss Maud Branscombe is Mrs. E. Stuart, Miss Fanny Brough is Mrs. R. Smith, Miss Connie Gilchrist is the Countess of Orkney, Miss Virginia Bateman is Mrs. E. Compton, Miss Alice Atherton is Mrs. W. Edouin, Miss Minnie Hauk is the Baroness Wartegg, Mademoiselle Christine Nilsson is Countess de Miranda. Mademoiselle Nordica is Mrs. Gower, Mademoiselle Adelina Patti, divorced from the Marquis de Caux, is Madame Nicolini (which is not the real name of her present husband, who is a Frenchman), Mademoiselle Marie Roze is Mrs. H. Mapleson, Mademoiselle Sigrid Arnoldson is Madame A. Fishof, &c.

* * *

— That Kentish hop-pickers have been reinforced by a small but distinguished party, consisting of one Oxford and one Cambridge graduate, one full-fledged M.D., one schoolmaster, one journalist, and one ex-stockbroker. For some time these gentlemen had been living in an East-end doss-house, but one of their party—the doctor—who went hop-picking last season, persuaded his comrades in misfortune to join him this year. The strange contingent started by road in high spirits, each being happy at the prospect of picking up a few shillings at an occupation that may not stand high in popular estimation, but which has nevertheless the merit of being healthful and invigorating. An indigent lawyer who was to have accompanied them withdrew at the last moment because his companions declined to guarantee his fare back to town on the termination of the expedition.

TENNIS PLAYED IN THE SURF.

A Four-handed Game Played in a Novel Manner.

(Subject of Illustration.)

VISITORS to a well-known seashore resort on the south coast were treated recently to a tennis match played in a novel fashion. Three charming young ladies and one gentleman were the participants. The net was placed in two feet of water, and the quartette attired in bathing costumes. The ball, when missed, sunk below the surface, but immediately arose and floated, so that as it was driven back and forth the players found considerable amusement in endeavouring to keep the ball in action. Spectators on the sands were delighted with the novelty, and didn't hesitate in applauding every good stroke made.

WILLIAM HAINES.

An Old Windsor Sculler who Won the Championship at Punting.

(With Portrait.)

WILLIAM HAINES, of Old Windsor, is quite a useful fellow with a single scull, and is capable of keeping the best of the oarsmen busy to beat him. He recently won the punting championship, which was decided upon the Thames. He is matched to contest a punting race with William Morris, of Bray, on September 27, in Bray Reach, for £50 a-side and a purse of £25.

YANKEES EASILY BEGUILED.

How Impostors under the Guise of a Lordship Swindle the Public Abroad.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A SPECIAL telegram to the *New York World* from Columbus, Ohio, dated August 2, states that "The identity of Vivian Gray, an Englishman, who passed through this city last spring on foot, has been established. He was walking from Boston to Monterey, Mexico, on a wager, agreeing to cover the distance in a certain time without spending a cent of his own money. He represented himself as a newspaper man, and admitted that the name given was assumed, remarking in this connection that if he was to reveal his identity he would have no trouble in getting through. While here Mr. Gray was the guest of Governor M'Kinley's private secretary, Mr. Boyle, and was assisted by some of the newspaper men in making his journey. To Mr. Boyle he confided his real name, and since he is on the return trip there is no longer necessity for concealing the man's identity. Mr. Gray is Sir Henry Wilmot, Baronet, V.C., K.C.B. The latter initials stand for Victory Cross (sic), Knight Commander of the Bath. His address is Chaddenden Hall (sic), Derbyshire, England. He gained the honour of the Victory Cross while with Lord Wolseley in one of his campaigns, not as a soldier, but as a newspaper correspondent." It is a pity to spoil so romantic a story, but as a matter of fact Sir Henry was not in America last spring. Furthermore, he won his cross in the Mutiny, he has never been a newspaper correspondent, and at the age of sixty-four he can hardly have much taste for long-distance tramps. It has got to be rather an ancient dodge for impostors palming themselves off on the Yankees as lords or possessors of an honoured title. One of the most dangerous swindlers ever corralled in Europe was recently sentenced to three years and a half imprisonment in an English prison. He defrauded the Californians upon the representation of being a lord, and he found many victims in the eastern states by posing as a colonel in the British Army. It is a frequent occurrence, for a wily stableman or coachman will get kicked out of his berth here only to go abroad, and with an abundance of courage and limited cash account ingratiate himself into the good graces of some Yankee who seeks the society of an English gentleman. The impostor is at once invited to the club, where he is royally entertained. The ladies in society fairly dote on his lordship, and while he can keep his real identity concealed he continues to be the centre of attraction. Such frauds, however, invariably overstep the bounds of propriety, and wind up in gaol to atone for their misdeeds.

LITTLE FLOSSIE.

The Most Talented Child Comedienne now Before the Public.

(With Portrait.)

LITTLE FLOSSIE is a charming little American miss, of eleven years of age, who has already gained almost unparalleled success on the variety stage. She is Henri Cazman's step-daughter, and is exceptionally clever, her singing and dancing being of a high class, the result of the careful training and tuition of her mother. The peculiar whistling sound she emits from her throat is a freak of nature.

Flossie first appeared on the stage at Montreal, Canada, as Willie in "East Lynne" when only four and a half years of age. Afterwards she played Little Nellie Denver in the "Silver King" with Osmond Tearle. She has also travelled with the companies of Tony Pastor and Richard Harris.

In June, 1888, she came to England, and made her first appearance on this side of the "herring pond" at the Grand, Liverpool. After playing eleven months in London without intermission, she then visited most of the chief cities in the Kingdom, with distinct success.

HENRI CAZMAN.

A Shadowgraphist and Prestidigitator at the Head of his Profession.

(With Portrait.)

AS a shadowgraphist and prestidigitator Mons. Henri Cazman stands without an equal. He was born in Paris in 1864, and and came over to England with his father at the age of three. After undergoing a course of study at the Durham University and Glasgow, he launched out as a professional at the age of nineteen. Since then he has travelled all over Europe, and has visited America three times. He was the speciality of the Bradford pantomime of "Blue Beard" in 1888, and in the following year scored a big success at Brighton. He scored a decided hit upon his first appearance in America on March 31, 1890, at Tony Pastor's theatre. He subsequently joined Hyde and Behmann's company in Brooklyn, and also visited the principal cities in the States.

On July 25, 1889, Mons. Cazman appeared, by special command, before the Shah of Persia, at Bradford. Such an impression did the famous artist make upon that potentate, that he expressed a desire to attach him to his suite.

Cazman's feats are performed without the aid of any accessories. A splendid testimonial to his ability is the fact of most flattering offers to join them submitted by Herman and Keller, the two famous American magicians.

MARIE: "Is that Chollie's sister?"
Louise: "No. He hasn't proposed yet."

JEM BROWN, OF BILLINGSGATE.

Champion Weight-Carrying Pedestrian who Challenges the World.

(With Portrait.)

JEM BROWN, of Upper Edmonton, is quite a famous character about the Billingsgate Market, because of his ability to carry heavy weights upon his head. In 1891 he sought to attain fame, and entered the competition promoted by the salesmen of Billingsgate Market, a prize to be given to the man who could display the most speed in a pedestrian contest, carrying a hundred-weight upon the head. This event Brown won, and was then challenged by C. McKenna to a similar race. He easily vanquished McKenna, and subsequently finished first in a field of thirty starters in a race at Bow Grounds.

Ted Whee, of Billingsgate, took on Brown in a match for £50 and the championship, but fared no better than the others, because Brown experienced little difficulty in upholding his honours. The race occurred at the Star Running Grounds, Battersea. At the Royal Aquarium, last May, he won a three-nights contest for rapid travelling whilst encumbered with two hundred-weight upon the head. Brown gave a series of performances at the Britannia Theatre, Hoxton, and was afterwards a contestant in an all-England contest at Bow Grounds, which he easily won, making the fourth successive annual win. He is open to race any man in the world in a weight-carrying contest for £25, or more, a-side.

WILLIAM JAMES ELLIOTT.

An Enterprising Newsagent Located at Lewisham.

(With Portrait.)

FOR an enterprising young business man none surpass William James Elliott, who is located at 50, High Road, Lewisham. Besides conducting his shop business, he has employed several lads, who canvass the surrounding territory, disposing of the various publications. He contemplates launching out shortly as a wholesale agent.

JAMES FREDERICK EMMERSON.

An Efficient Theatrical Agent and Stage Manager.

(With Portrait.)

JAMES FREDERICK EMMERSON, of Ashton-under-Lyne, near Manchester, was born in London, September 24, 1869, and when a lad of twelve years of age he took to the stage, appearing in burlesque and farce comedies. Journeying to the States he joined Tony Denier's Humpty Dumpty Troupe, and subsequently became attached to the Rintz-Santley Combination as principal comedian. Emmerson was installed as manager of Sagwas Indian Medicine Company for a season, and then returned to England, performing in comic sketches with Fred Fothergill. He, for a time, travelled with the Bohee Brothers' Coloured Minstrels, but is now conducting business as a theatrical agent at Ashton-under-Lyne, besides being assistant stage-manager at the Palace Theatre, Manchester.

BANK NOTES FOR CRIMPERS.

A Pair of Brainless Mashers Find an Easy Method of Wasting Money.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THERE is an element in London that possess more money than brains, and are ever ready to perform some ridiculous task regardless of how much money they squander. An incident worthy of note occurred the other day, which was the means of enriching two damsels by fifty pounds in bank notes. They formed the acquaintance of two swells, who proposed a glass of champagne. One glass led to another, and ere many bottles were exhausted the brainless mashers hit upon an idea to waste money on one of their newly-formed friends. Persuading one of the young ladies to undo her hair they immediately began to crimp it with bank notes in place of paper. After they had accomplished the task the female was shrewd enough to don her bonnet, and, bidding the pair of swells adieu, she left the café with her companion. The mashers expostulated for a return of the cash, declaring it was all performed by way of a joke, but the maidens failed to see the force of the joke.

MISS ANNIE OAKLEY.

Champion Female Rifle Shot of the World.

(With Portrait.)

ONE of the features of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show is Miss Annie Oakley, the champion female shot. She was a big favourite with those who attended the exhibition in London seven years ago, and the prestige she gained here has been maintained ever since. Miss Oakley contemplates coming to this country late in the autumn to give a series of exhibitions on the music-hall stage.

WILLINGLY PAID THE FINE.

When Mr. White, a well-known betting man who frequents the Chelsea Embankment for the purpose of pursuing his dubious calling, saluted the Westminster magistrate previous to answering a fresh summons for "obstruction," he already had in his hand a banknote for £5, which he well knew Mr. Hopkins would exact as a fine—that amount being, as the bookmaker remembered, the maximum penalty the law allowed—and was probably preparing a variation of a facetious question he once put to the magistrate on a similar ordeal—"Can't you make it ten?" Some idea of the profits of a pavement "bookmaker" may be obtained by the uninitiated from the fact that when White was arrested by Detective Barrett, disguised for the occasion as a working painter with a hankering after the odds, no less than £454 in cheques and banknotes was found in his possession, one of the former being for the sum of 100 guineas. This led Mr. Hopkins to remark that the business of a "bookmaker" seemed to be very profitable. White admitted that it was, and cheerily produced a Bank of England note of the lowest denomination published wherewith to pay the penalty. The magistrate smiled benignantly, and encouragingly proceeded to remark, "Money fines have apparently no effect on you; it is, perhaps, the duty of a magistrate to bring an inconvenience of another kind home to you. Of course, I can't send you to prison, but I can remand you in custody for a week." Mr. White's face lengthened several inches at each word; he loosened his grasp on the £5 note, and asked to be allowed to send for a solicitor. Later in the day Mr. Dutton appeared for him, and urged that the magistrate should not inflict a heavier punishment than the law intended. White was a man of property, and if it became a question of adjournment he was quite able to find bail. Mr. Hopkins ultimately agreed to forego the remand, and inflicted the statutory penalty of £5. The bookmaker was so overjoyed with this decision that he gave another £5 to the poor-box. Considering the circumstances, it was a small sum for so great a relief.

OBJECTED TO FREE ADVERTISING.

Two Stage Celebrities who Drew the Line on their Portraits being Displayed in a Tap-room.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A good story is told of two stage celebrities who were on tour, and the management had hung up in various places splendid lithographs of them as an advertisement. They reached a certain town, and in walking about saw that the lithos had been profusely distributed in the public-houses. Not appreciating that kind of publicity they made a descent on the different tap-rooms, and destroyed everyone in sight. In one tap-room the fair ones were placed alongside of fighting men, and that display only maddened them to such an extent that they declined to continue on tour if any more lithos were placed on view.

MR. A. TAIT, OF GLASGOW.

Amateur Champion Middle-Weight Boxer of Scotland.

(With Portrait.)

We are indebted to Mr. T. Webster, of the Brandon Club, 90, Argyle-street, Glasgow, for an excellent portrait of Mr. A. Tait, of Barrhead, Glasgow, amateur champion middle-weight boxer of Scotland. The subject of our sketch is a member of the 3rd Lanark Royal Volunteer Athletic Club, a gentlemanly fellow, and has a host of admirers in his section of the kingdom. Mr. Tait was born in 1869, and is therefore but twenty-five years of age. In 1893 he was runner up to C. Wylie, of the Edinburgh Harriers, for the Scotch championship in the middle-weight division. This year, however, he displayed a vast improvement in his boxing form, and easily placed the credit of the championship title to his name. He is a wonderfully clever man as a boxer in the ring, and commands the respect of all whom he comes in contact with. It will take a good man to deprive Mr. Tait of the championship honours during the coming season, and the form he displays is good enough to lower the colours of any of the professionals so much talked about.

FRANK P. SLAVIN.

The Australian Heavy-Weight who Seeks a Battle with Peter Jackson.

(With Portrait.)

Frank Patrick Slavin, the Australian heavy-weight, seeks an opportunity to place his name amongst the front ranks of the heavy-weight division. He hopes to get on a fight with Peter Jackson for a stake of £3,000 a-side and an added purse. He was born at Maitland, New South Wales, January 27, 1863, stands 6ft 1½in, and usually fought at 13st 6lb. He was for several years one of the best heavy-weight pugilists in Australia. Coming to England four years ago he defeated Bill Goode and fought Jem Smith a draw. Visiting America he vanquished Jake Kilrain, and there cut quite a swath by challenging the world. Sullivan and Corbett both agreed to accommodate him, but he was unable to get the requisite financial backing.

Slavin was beaten by Peter Jackson in London, and afterwards bowed down to Jem Hall. His match with Hall never satisfied the people, and since then Slavin has not received an offer for a fight. He challenged John L. Sullivan in March, but failed to produce the money for such a match. He has, however, got a deposit posted in support of a challenge to Jackson or Corbett to fight to a finish for £3,000 a-side.

ROBERT GEORGE HARDIE.

A Notting Hill Tonsorial Artist who can Boast of a Good Record at Rapid Shaving.

(With Portrait.)

Robert George Hardie, of Farmer Street, Notting Hill Gate, is the lastest aspirant to honours as champion of the world at rapid shaving. Speaking of his career Hardie says: "I am 27 years of age, and have been at shaving since I was but eight years old. My father is a contractor for three institutions, and that means a question of shaving 3,000 people per week, to say nothing of the seven prosperous establishments he runs besides. My last appearance in a contest at rapid shaving was at the Kensington Theatre, when I met Thomas Ross, of King's Cross. That was about five years ago, and I won, shaving twelve men in 3min 40sec, which I believe eclipses all past performances. I subsequently shaved, blindfolded, two men in 2min 10sec. I am not seeking notoriety, but am ready to participate in the contest for The Mirror of Life trophy, and will say without egotism that I'll beat all those who are continually blowing about what they can do."

CHARLES MOOLES.

A Bristol Publican who is a Well-known and Popular Sporting Man.

(With Portrait.)

Charles Mooles is one of the popular sporting men of Bristol, and takes a great interest in all branches of manly exercises. Being but 38 years of age, he is proprietor of that famous old Market Street resort in Bristol known as Bacchus, the definition of which is God of Wine. Mr. Mooles is one of the active members of the Knowle Cricket Club. He takes an interest in boxing sport, and in fact all branches of manly exercises. His house is the rendezvous of all sporting men in that section of the country. Being a retired sergeant-major he has a host of friends, who all pronounce him a good fellow well met.

COCK FIGHT IN A COURT ROOM.

His Worship had No Objections to Witnessing a Turn-up.

(Subject of Illustration).

"Rather an extraordinary scene occurred in a police court in San Francisco, that has been creating considerable comment among the sports," says a correspondent. "The police raided a cock-pit the other Sunday, and besides capturing a batch of spectators a dozen birds were bagged, and all brought into court the following day. His Worship desired to see the birds, and two couple were at once taken from the sack. Two got upon the bench and indulged in a battle, whilst the other pair were content in making matters interesting on the floor. An attempt was made to separate the birds, but his Worship gave orders to let them fight it out. He imposed a light fine upon those in charge, feeling apparently amused over the little turn-up."

DIVERS IN A FOOT RACE.

A Spirited Contest at the Bottom of the Sea.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"We had a novel foot race off the coast between two of the divers at the pearl fisheries," writes a Western Australia correspondent. "It was a walk of 100 yards and return at the bottom of the sea. Two divers arrayed in their outfits were the competitors, and the stake money in abeyance was a ten-pound note. A man in a diving suit stood at the start and finishing point to act as referee. The men reached the turning stake close together, but on the return journey a gap of ten yards separated the pair, a lead which the winner maintained till the finish."

She (tenderly): "Tell me, dearest, what emboldened you to propose? How did you guess that I loved you, darling?"

He: "To be frank with you, love, your papa intimated that if I didn't mean business after coming to see you for two years, I had better clear out and let some other fellow have a chance."

LIQUOR SOLD AT A PREMIUM.

Bathers on the South Coast of Wales have no Occasion to go Dry.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Bathing is quite a fad in the south of Wales, and it is a frequent occurrence to see parties journey to the coast, a long distance from any town, to enjoy a dip in the ocean. It is an exceptional case where bathers will possess the forethought to provide themselves with refreshments, and realising this a fisherman has made it a profitable business to visit the places along the coast and dispose of liquid refreshments at a heavy profit. It is not necessary for the speculative dispenser of liquors to row to shore, because the bathers are only too willing to wade out to his craft and purchase what he has for sale. His visits are welcome to the bathers and remunerative to him.

MARRIED THROUGH AN AGENCY.

How Young Ladies frequently make Mistakes in Matrimonial Ventures.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Much suffering is frequently created through marriages being brought about by means of advertisements or agents. The beginning is harmless enough, but by gross misrepresentations on the part of both as to their social and financial standing an intimacy crops up which often results in a union. Young women sometimes advertise for correspondence from gentlemen to afford them an opportunity to write letters; men respond more out of curiosity than any other reason, and, without knowing each other thoroughly, they become engaged, marry, and then lead a miserable existence, when they realise the error they have made. Conducting a matrimonial agency is a profitable business, providing a clientele can be secured. Patrons to such establishments consist of men who are either too backward to approach a young lady in a business-like manner, or their reputation will not bear close investigation. Their portraits are placed in a large album, and a short sketch of each is entered upon a book. It would be hard to find one that does not represent himself as being of independent means. Ladies who fear becoming old maids, and those who possess a disagreeable disposition, find comfort in seeking a matrimonial agent. They peruse the album and also the book of records, and make a selection in a promiscuous manner. A correspondence is at once begun, the letters on both sides passing through the hands of the agent, who exacts an agreement from him or her to pay a stipulated sum when the marriage has been performed. A small fee is paid down on both sides, and it is then the duty of the agent to bring about the ceremony before the parties ascertain too much about each other's true financial standing.

When the knot is tied and both pay the fee exacted by the agent, they quickly realise a mistake has been made. They may live together for a time, but the divorce court eventually frees them of their bond of misery.

TIED HERSELF IN A KNOT.

A Colleen's Predicament in Imitating a Contortionist.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A short distance from Lurgan, in the north of Ireland, there lives a colleen who was the victim of a humorous episode recently. It appears she had attended a theatre in Belfast and saw a female performer executing a contortion act that struck her fancy as a remarkable feat. Whilst the old folks were busy in the fields she quitted her domestic duties, got down on the floor, and endeavoured to accomplish some of the feats she had witnessed. Her efforts were finally rewarded by getting her feet back of her neck in such a position that she was actually tied in a knot, from which she was unable to extricate herself. Her screams attracted her parents to the kitchen. They released the girl and chided her for her folly. It is quite safe in saying she will never again attempt to imitate a stage artist.

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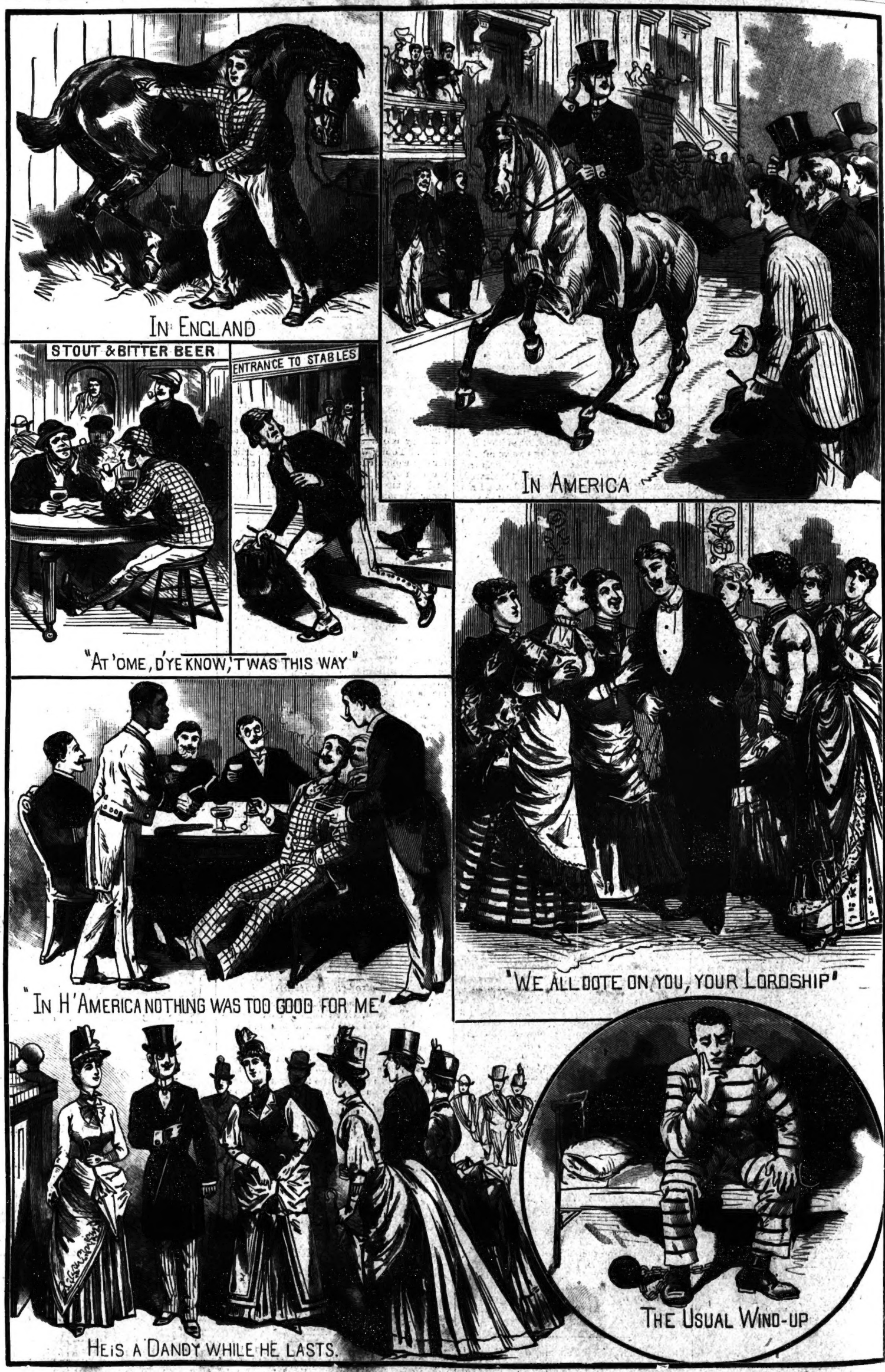
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